

WENSLEYDALE;

OR,

RURAL CONTEMPLATIONS;

A

P O E M.



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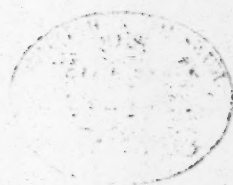
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way.

GOLDSMITH.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

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TO HER

GRACE the DUCHESS of BOLTON.

MADAM,

IN offering your Grace the humble tribute of these pages, I do but render a right to which you stand entitled from many considerations.

Your own happy success in the art of delineation, your alliance with the most noble Owner of the ample Territories, whose unremitted friendship I have now had the honor to experience for forty years, are not the only motives to this address.

Surrounded as I am in the centre of scenes described, I could not be a mute spectator, when the objects so irresistibly invited my attention.

To your Grace, who needs no interpreter of rural nature, I should have stood less excused, had not a Charity, which I wish to serve, and for whose emolument these attempts are now risked abroad, induced me to employ in this manner a few hours of leisure from my more essential engagements.

Your Grace's candor, united with that of the public, will, I hope, advert more to the end than to the literary merits of this publication, since I am conscious that so trifling an insect, short as its natural duration would be, must prematurely fall, if the mercy of Criticism, and the fostering wing of Charity, do not protect it.

Stoical indeed must be the heart that glows not at the view of an institution so replete with present and consequential good, by which disabled Industry is restored, pining Poverty made joyful, Anguish assuaged, and even Life preserved. Humanity must therefore fervently wish that the fund of this very important Charity, in one of the most considerable

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trading towns in the kingdom, may be always equal to its liberal plan, formed on the truly beneficent and extensive scale of relieving neighbour, sojourner, and the most distant stranger, without distinction.

Thrice happy then will be the author, if by throwing in his mite, it should tend to alleviate the greatest of all afflictions, the complicated calamities of indigence and sickness. A plan which cannot but coincide with the softest feelings of your sex, and be in particular congenial to your Grace's sentiments, extended to every species of distress.

I am, MADAM,

Your Grace's most obedient

And truly devoted servant,

THOMAS MAUDE.

BOLTON-HALL, *May 20, 1780.*

INTRODUCTION.

AS many allusions in the following piece are merely local, it may be necessary to premise, that the principal scene is a feat belonging to the Duke of BOLTON, in *Wensley-Dale*, ten miles from *Richmond*, and four from *Middleham*, in *Yorkshire*, where his Grace possesses property as considerable, as it is nobly ornamental to the country. For besides a range of ten almost united manors, including many populous villages, and a once splendid castle, whose venerable remains even now greatly enrich the pleasing landscape, his Lordship has a capital mansion, three miles distant from *Bolton-Castle*, whence the title is derived, and one mile from *Wensley*, from which village the *Dale* receives its name. A spot no less conspicuous for many bold, singular, and grotesque beauties of nature, than by the lineaments of a more polished aspect. The commodities of the valley for home and foreign consumption, which last is not inconsiderable, are fat cattle, horses, wool, butter, cheese, mittens, knit stockings, calamine, and lead.

The house was finished about the year 1678, by CHARLES, Marquis of WINCHESTER, afterwards created Duke of BOLTON, and son of JOHN the fifth Marquis, whose valour and loyalty, at an advanced age, were so remarkably displayed in the brave and long defence of his castle at *Basing* in *Hampshire* (now erased) during the civil war in the last century. A defence which has been celebrated by a variety of historians, for many peculiar circumstances attending it, relative both to the prowess of the besieged, in which the Marchioness was remarkably concerned, and the treasure seized by *Cromwell*, at the capture of the place.

His Grace died the 27th of *February*, 1698, aged 69, at *Amport*, near *Andover*, in *Hampshire*, and was interred at *Basing*, the burying-place of the family, leaving many noble proofs of liberality to his servants, and perpetuities to the poor.

In regard to the following composition, the reader will perceive that I have ingrafted upon the native stock of rural description some miscellaneous and exotic shoots, to vary that uniformity which must be the necessary result of pastoral writing. For however various and charming creation may be in her amazing productions, yet it must be confessed that in this walk of poetry, a few conceptions may cover or include a great extent of

country. Pastoral poetry is a genus, where the respective species have been well defined from remote antiquity ; an amusing field of flowers, but reaped by a long succession of the most judicious hands.

The leading objects of inanimate nature, such as woods, waters, rocks, mountains, and plains, are found in part common to all countries ; and few have features so peculiarly striking and dissimilar, as to mark them for any great length of description, without falling into a resemblance of thought with other writers, or running into distinctions without a difference. It is the arrangement and combination of the preceding images, with an intermixture of the humbler orders of vegetation, that constitute the whole of rural scenery ; while the mode and manners of moving life may be called the business. Hence it will necessarily follow, that much of what may be said of *Windsor-Forest*, of *Arno's Banks*, or of *Wensley-Dale*, may be applied to many other places with equal success. From this consideration, in order to form a diversity, possibly arose that indulgence, we may say that literary warrant, in favour of digressions, not tedious or absurd, in poetry on rural subjects. And if the case be so in respect to a whole country, how much more cogent must the argument appear when restricted to the bounds of a province, a vale, or a farm ? All that can be well expected in this matter, is, the avoiding of

servile imitation, insipidity, or disgusting redundancy. The portrait of a flowery mead, however beautiful and elegant, must have its similitude elsewhere. The sports of the field, and the diversions of the village, carry with them also a like application. It will therefore, I trust, be some apology, if I have but drawn my piece sufficiently characteristical of the spot, without pretending to minute accuracy, close description, or absolute novelty.

In the display of rural felicity, the passions often contribute to mislead. If we bring the innocence, knowledge, or happiness of the peasantry to the measuring line of truth, we shall but too frequently find that they differ little from depravity, ignorance, and wretchedness; at least some qualities contrary to what the poets usually draw, too often mingle themselves in the pompously figured scene.

There was an age, say some of respectable fame, when princes were shepherds, and shepherds bards; when a personal attendance on their flocks did not debase the dignity of rank; and rural employments, almost the sole occupation of the world, unopposed by sciences or mechanic arts, flourished in undisturbed peace. But caprice, or fashion, has shifted the scene; and would you behold the shepherd and the patriarch nearest the original, you must revert to where the inroads of vice

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and luxury have made the least impressions. Such perhaps are the solitary and less refined regions of *Horeb*, or the plains of the *Tigris*, where the pastoral chief in his tent, or from his grassy throne under the shade of the palm-tree, gives audience to migrating hordes, where milk and honey, dates, rice, and other vegetable fare, constitute his daily food, springs his beverage, and unadorned drapery his garments; where placid leisure, cloudless skies, and the soliciting objects of his situation, stir up genius to sentiment and poetry, in the true character of ancient simplicity.

It is highly probable that man in the early state of the world, could not be silent amidst the surrounding charms of the creation. The view of nature, in the firmament, and on this globe, with the survey of his own frame, the melody of birds, and the adventures of the chase, would unavoidably operate to the production of strains beyond the standard of common ideas; and, agreeable to these sentiments, we have been told, above three thousand three hundred years ago, in all the rapture and sublimity of sacred eloquence, that "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of the Deity shouted for joy." Hence may be deduced the antiquity of this pleasing art, hence also may we infer its primogeniture, while modern travellers relate its prevalence, even to be traced among savages the most rude and retired.

But whether love, or war, devotion, the beauties of nature, or the pleasures of rural life, were the first incitements to poetry, is a question not so easy to resolve. Yet be the decisions of criticism upon these points as they may, it is perhaps less a doubt, that the happiness with which our poets have transfused the beauties of imagery and sentiment from the ancients into their own productions, with their native originality, render them equal to those of all other countries and preceding times. Let us add, that the almost perpetual verdure with which our island is clothed, the variety of its features, and the brilliancy of its fair, recommend it above all other places as a subject for the truly pastoral description.

The discriminating changes of the year, the attractive beauty of our sloping woodlands, our general attention to useful and ornamental culture, the equal tonsure of the fields, and the various evolutions of a mixed and pleased industry in hay-harvest, with the plenty of crowning autumn, raise our conceptions of the seasons to that acknowledged degree of pre-eminence which few other countries attain. For so peculiarly happy is the insular situation of *Britain*, that the like temperature is not to be found in the same latitudes under different meridians: Our suns, though often glowing, have duly their remitted heat; our colds,

their attempered qualities; the clouds seasonably drop fatness, and our soil is in general grateful. Nor will it be denied, if experience is to determine, however appearances may at first plead, that *Britain* affords more hours for labor and exercise without doors to the healthy and robust, in the course of the year, than even the boasted climate of Italy, so much exposed to the extremes of heat and rain.

The fossil kingdom, though a curious branch of natural history, rarely comes within the poet's sphere.—To describe or analyse the qualities of its materials, is a task which belongs rather to the gravity of philosophical research, than to the muse. Such a survey answers not her purpose, nor suits the fancy of her dress; neither does she stoop for the *irritamenta malorum*, as *Ovid* expresses it: Scarcely can either the gem or the ore attract her notice; for where are the miser and the poet unitedly found?

But though imagination dips not her pencil much in the colours of this department, yet true it is, that bodies pregnant with the most wonderful properties, and of the utmost utility, are furnished from the subterraneous world: Not to dwell upon iron, whose qualities are universally known, we shall only specify the magnet, the inscrutable agency of which in a manner supplies

the absence of the starry host, informs the mariner, in the deepest darkness, whence the wind cometh, directing him to steer through trackless and turbulent seas, to his destined port. Hence our geographical and other discoveries, hence the glories of commerce, and the social intercourse of widely-scattered nations.

The simple consideration of vegetable nature, gratifies without alloy. We discipline the soil, cultivate the beauties and necessities of that kingdom to all our purposes, and are happy in the enjoyment of our labors, I had almost said in the works of our own creation.—The objects rise in glory, and set in gratitude; they delight the senses, they deceive not when duly attended to, and in some degree reward the nurturing hand of all who properly extend it.

To this class we owe much of our bodily defence, with various luxuries of attire, the staff of life, and the rarest elegancies of our board. In a single instance, let us behold the progress but of one plant, common in its growth, important in its application. The flax robes us in the whiteness of snow, it comfortably spreads our tables and our couch, keeps clean our bodies, affords us paper whereon to express our thoughts, and wings to waft them to the remotest quarters of the globe.

From still life we advance to the animal rank; we here launch into a world of superior wonder, and stand astonished at that wise œconomy which so evidently displays itself throughout the vast expanse. It would be superfluous to enumerate all the pleasures and accommodations with which we are here presented; we trace with rapture their instinctive policies, have exercise and sports to recreate our minds and preserve our health, raiment to warm, and food to nourish our bodies; means to facilitate agriculture, commerce, arts, and all the operations of life that require strength or despatch.—After all, it is perhaps the philosopher alone, in circumstances of independence, that can pretend to relish the scenes of retirement in the full fruition of their charms. It is he who physically inspects the universe, which the poet only paints; it is he who morally draws conclusions, “finds tongues in trees, sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

“On every thorn, delightful wisdom grows;
“In every rill, some sweet instruction flows.”

The man oppressed with penury, the mind distracted by fear, by envy, by political or other fashionable pursuits, absorbed in ignorance or dissolved in sloth, perplexed with suits at law, or corroded by misfortunes, has little chance to succeed in the calm speculations of rural life. The language he understands will not be

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that of nature around him, at least in any great degree of purity. Unwedded to resignation, unattuned to harmony and providence, he will but casually float on the surface of pleasure, and grasp at phantoms for the substance. Too, too frequently, I fear, will care, discontent, and insensibility, preclude happiness from the bosom of the husbandman. Nor is it likely that one, under the solicitude of answering days of rent, or who is in want of funds to supply incidental deficiencies, more especially should murrain invade his stock, or floods his crops, should insects infest, or storms destroy, with other the black contingencies of knavery, error, or fate, can boast the contentment usually ascribed to his situation. Thus controlled by elements, and oftentimes by man, not less fierce than they, the farmer's obstacles to happiness will be various and multiplied. His hopes will, under these circumstances, become not only agitated by the breath and caprice of others, but he will be made, as SHAKESPEARE says on another occasion, "Servile to all the skiey influencies." He will be apt to brood even on imaginary fears as necessity presses; and, wanting education to repel the enemy, or fill the languid pause of thought, will bring forth regret, sorrow, and despair.

But still it will be found that in description we have, agreeable to poetic licence, taken up with happiness in

the humble cot, for numerous exceptions are not wanting to combat the doctrine we have before advanced : yet it is probable, that in these days of inquiry, and improved management of land, he whose abilities and spirit prompt him to attempt, and who has judgment to direct, and feelings to enjoy, bids fairest for the prize. However, it will be much if even the more abstracted sons of wisdom and competency, to whom we have previously alluded, do not complain that the poets deceive. Certain it is, that in the happiest state, exclusive of adverse incidents, the lot of all men, some melting compassion for a tender and kind favourite, sick, dead, or assigned to slaughter, will intrusively step in, to disturb tranquillity, and embitter remembrance.

The horse or ewe, the patient ox, or the useful cow, these his favoured objects, whose obedience and fidelity he had long admired, which his care had reared, and his bounty fed ; these his familiars of the field, when led to be sacrificed, cannot but make the owner share emotions opposite to felicity, which every intelligent reader will forcibly conceive. There will stand before him that price of affection, that bargain to the effusion of blood, which, to a man of sensibility, must give some pathetic grief. But let us, in this case, imitate the prudent painter of old, by drawing a veil over part of the piece, that silent conjecture may supply the want.

Reality has required at our hands this picture, the brightest side of which we shall, in conformity to custom, exhibit nearest to the light; nor need we attempt to prove one obvious truth, that happiness will be found in proportion, as simplicity and innocence, under the influence of education, prevail.

But it is time to close the preface, lest we reveal too much, and sink the subject which we mean should entertain; remembering that rural enjoyment, in its perfection, is not perhaps to be sought in the palace, nor always in the cottage, but chiefly in that middle state of life which animates decency with taste, where judgment guides œconomy, where hereditary or acquired property, with beneficence, commands respect and esteem, but excludes avarice, vanity, pride, and every more turbulent passion.

WENSLEY-

WENSLEYDALE;

OR,

RURAL CONTEMPLATIONS:

ARISE, my Muse, fair WENSLEY's vale display,
And tune with vocal reed the sylvan lay;
Thro' the gay scenes of lovely BOLTON rove,
Its peaceful plains, and each sequester'd grove;
Enjoy the solitude as gently glide
The lapsing moments of life's wasting tide.

Here, far remov'd from vanity and throng,
Each soft recess the genial fane of song,
We view past toil, exotic scenes run o'er,
And shelter'd hear the rocking tempests roar.
In waving shades poetic converse hold,
And the mild charms of Nature's page unfold;
While the lull'd mind, soft rising with the morn;
Nor knows, nor fears, ambition's chilling scorn;
Delays of office and postponing arts,
Or how the courtier's vow from truth departs;

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Each fly evasion nurs'd in falsehood's arms,
Or how a quibble virtue's claim disarms ;
Superior wrapt in contemplation's themes,
Grateful we walk, and meekly shun extremes ;
Resting on truth, as moral POPE exprest
That maxim sure, " Whatever is, is best."

What tho' no pompous pile here rears its head,
No column proud with sculptur'd science spread,
The face serene with which old Time appears,
Boasts beauties growing with his growing years,
While Art contrasted, drops her feeble wings,
As lofty Nature, wildly awful, sings.

But see yon margin of rejoicing woods,
Which bending listen to the sprightly floods ;
Should these, or milder views, thy fancy seize,
And pencil'd fields with mossy fountains please,
Stray where the plummy matron with her train,
Roves proudly devious on the liquid plain,
Sweetly below whose gay reflected sides,
The sportive dimpled stream meand'ring glides ;
Reluctant yielding tends to distant shores,
And the dread wonders of the deep explores ;
Now swells with commerce, BRITAIN's envied reign,
Now bears her bulwarks o'er the subject main.

Exhale ye fons, ye winds your wings expand,
And timely fertilize a favour'd land ;
In gentle rains and balmy dews return,
The borrow'd treasures of the streaming urn ;
On thirsty herds, the fresh'ned wave bestow,
And bounteous bid disperse plenty flow.
So sails the merchant, Ophirs to pursue,
And ling'ring bids domestic joys adieu ;
While plaintive eyes the less'ning hills bewail,
And anxious sighs his heaving breast assail ;
Launch'd on the billows, now with adverse toil,
He slowly gains the long-expected soil ;
From traffick's fount arise his views to roam,
For decent wealth to grace his happy home,
When gentle gales and pleasure's high command,
Propitious waft him to his native strand.

Nor absent are smooth culture's pleasing vales,
With groves adapted to fond lovers tales ;
Nor banks inviting, nor the rosy bow'r,
Their blest retirement in the tender hour ;
While from the spreading beech the conscious dove,
Invokes the happy pair to blameless love :
The woods responsive melting music bear,
And choral plaudits float along the air.

Ah ! mark, ye blooming nymphs, alluring May,
Nor let her charms your brighter charms betray,

So spoke the sage, well vers'd in female hearts,
Vers'd how the quiver'd boy directs his darts;
So Rome's wife augur, CÆSAR's life to spare,
Bade the great chief of fatal March beware;
While he, regardless, arm'd with Stoic pride,
Contemn'd the truth-prefaging tale, and dy'd.

Say now PHILANDER, to which path inclin'd,
Since beauties croud upon the dubious mind;
The park umbrageous, wide-extended lawn,
The climbing vista, and the toyful fawn;
Yon blossom'd copse, the hawthorn's pearly spray,
Whence the sweet thrilling thrush awakes the day;
The grateful woodbine dangling in the breeze,
Enamel'd meads and stately quiv'ring trees;
The bird* with human laugh, the cawing rook,
The sprightly squirrel, and the babbling brook;
The vocal cuckoo, and the brilliant jay,
Deck'd with the lustre of reflected day;
All, all combine to make the group complete,
And give to POWLETT, nature's fairest feat.

But let us search the scene with nearer eyes,
And range descriptive as new objects rise.

* The woodpecker, no less distinguished by the cheerful peculiarity of his tone, and beautiful plumage, than by the striking fitness of his organs for procuring food, so as to be the admired object of most naturalists who mention him.

Full then to fight from SPENITHORN * the gay,
 Alike the view from HARMBY's sloping way,
 With aspect open to the rising ray,

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* In this village was born and baptised, the 24th of October, 1675, the great Hebraist JOHN HUTCHINSON, well known in the literary world, and whose strenuous and particular way of thinking, relative to the principles of the Mosaic History, has attracted many disciples, and established him the founder of a sect. His life is written by ROBERT SPEARMAN, Esq.

There is an anecdote in the life of this person, which though it may carry in it some appearance of levity to relate, we hope to stand excused in that point, for its singularity. This author being visited by Dr. MEAD, that learned and humane Physician, in order to give his patient some flattering hopes of recovery, told him with a smile, that he would soon send him to his Moses, meaning that he would enable him to pursue the subject upon which HUTCHINSON was then writing. The sick man, tenacious of life, and imagining the Doctor meant the bosom of Moses, was so irritated at the expression, that he dismissed the Doctor, and never saw him afterwards.

According to this author's cabbalistical notions, the root of all languages, and of all science, was to be found in the Hebrew tongue and the sacred writings. Thus, agreeable to his doctrine, it would follow, that the world must be of a cubical form, because the scripture mentions the four corners of the earth. Neither are wanting those who believe that the resurrection will happen in the valley of Jehosaphat near Jerusalem, as it is deemed by the ignorant Turks to be the middle of the earth, and consequently most convenient for the final assembly; not considering that every exterior point of a sphere is central in respect to surface, nor recollecting that Omnipotence is not confined to relative distance or mensuration, about where the dead shall arise.

HUTCHINSON had a good heart and no incompetent head, but left the obvious road of interpretation, to seek bye paths, that he might be more ingeniously in the wrong. There was

Stand high-plac'd MIDD'LHAM, mark'd with martial scars,
 The fatal record of intestine wars;
 A NEVIL's pile †, where CROMWELL's rage we trace,
 In wounded grandeur, and expiring grace;
 Where Devastation holds her gloomy court,
 And boding birds on restless wing resort;
 While Cynthia pale glides o'er the dreary bound,
 And Fancy rears ideal terrors round,

a shade in this person's character, from which, perhaps, in some degree, few authors are exempted. It seems to be implanted in human nature, for the wise purpose of not suffering our minds to stagnate and of exciting us to laudable pursuits. I mean the foible, vanity; but when it breaks forth in oral expression, it becomes less excusable. Such was the case before us, for when HUTCHINSON was passing by the humble house of his nativity, after an absence of years, and having acquired some fame, he pointed to the tenement, and bade his friend take notice of the place, as it might become the subject of much enquiry and veneration.

Sir RALPH FITZ RANDAL, Lord of the Manor of Middleham (Reg. Hen. 8) had a mansion, now in almost obliterated ruins, at the east end of *Spenitborn*, the small remains of which, except the vestige of a wreck contiguous to the high road, are converted into a farm house.

† The Castle of Middleham, now in ruins, was built by ROBERT FITZ RANDAL, the third Lord of Middleham, and grandson of RIBALD, younger brother of ALAN RUSUS Earl of Brittany and Richmond.

It descended to the NEVILLES, Earls of WESTMORELAND, SALISBURY, and WARWICK. A family famous for their power, for the variety of their fortune, and the singularity of their fate. One of them was slain in battle, another beheaded, and a third suffered mutilation, by the man whom he had injured, of which his Lordship died.

OR, RURAL CONTEMPLATIONS.

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Sheds on the dusky mind portending forms,
Of palsied walls and wrecks of sweeping storms;
Of roving elves, with demons of dismay,
Nurs'd by the twilight of the mental day.
Yet gainful is the scene, if right we state
Its past aspiring aims and present fate:
Hence are we taught to curb life's vain career,
When curst Ambition taints the list'ning ear;
Hence learn the golden mean, Contentment's plan,
Which constitutes the solid bliss of man;
A spring whence lucid streams unceasing flow,
In climes solstitial and SIBERIA's snow;
Grant me in purity and peace to live:
Swell not, my soul? 'tis all the world can give.

To prospects less sedate we bend our way,
And, in apt numbers, fitly would display
The terrac'd heights expanded to the sun,
Or velvet turf where panting courfers run;
There bred and train'd, exulting in the chace,
They win the splendid trophies of the race.
Full to the point where first the meek-ey'd morn,
Dispensing joy, on crimson wings is borne,
Far, far extend your view, o'er MOWBRAY's plain,
Till distance curtains the remote domain;
Distinctly, near, each pressing image yields
The fair idea of THESSALIAN fields.

Nor here shall Exercise remain unsung,
Thou nurse of strength, kind patron of the young,
Health's polar star, by which we steady steer,
Thro' all the changes of the varying year.
No more the hov'ring hand, by THEE restor'd,
Shall coyly cull its pittance from the board;
By THEE attun'd, by thy attractions led,
No poppy's balm needs sooth the sleepless bed;
No pen prescriptive, fraught with LATIAN lore,
Or skill imported from the COAN shore,
Need plan the process with important air,
With fruitless pity, or with dubious care;
The drug disgusting shall the mansion fly,
And THOU and Temperance the dose supply.
But each wise rule, the bliss of health to reach,
In sterling strains let musing ARMSTRONG teach.

Exalted LEYBURN next, with open arms,
Due north, our moving observation charms;
Where from its rocky verge and sylvan side,
Most aptly rang'd in gay theatric pride,
We view a lower world, where beauties spring,
Tempting and fair as classic poets sing;
Woods, streams, and flocks the vale's sweet bosom grace,
And happy Culture smooths her chearful face.

Why need we want the shining spheres to know,
How music charms, why spreads the heav'nly bow,
While GARGRAVE'S* piercing lore descries from far,
Along the milky way, the tube-sought star;
Whose skill can teach, whose candor will explain,
Each distant wonder of URANIA'S reign.

Westward we move, till chaos-like appears,
The quarry's fragment, of a thousand years.
Led by the bracing breezes of the plain,
High PRESTON'S tiffu'd green we soon attain,
Delighted ramble on the daisied mead,
That springs elastic with the bounding steed.
But cease my steps, free feast the roving eye†;
Here villas rise, there martial ruins lie:

* A gentleman residing at Leyburn, whose abilities in the mathematics, astronomy, and their dependencies, are well known, far beyond the limits of this vale.

† Highly agreeable as the prospect is from the terrace of Leyburn shawl or wood, it undoubtedly yields to the view from Preston-scar, at a station from a point projecting over the village, near to the turnpike-road at Scarthnick.

The advantage of this view, besides its greater variety of objects, is likewise that of its being most commodiously accessible to all kinds of carriages. The spectator has thence a full sight of the Valley, of the Castles of Middleham and Bolton, a glimpse of the cataract of Aysgarth, no less than eight villages and seven churches, most of which are ornamented with very handsome steeples.

But indeed there is not an eminence which contributes to inclose the Vale, but what can boast of the beauties of its situation, and with this superiority too, above all other places

No wish'd-for something fitly to intrude,
 No want of frolic nature, pleasing, rude,
 No bloomy softness fondly to allure,
 Drawn from the smiling banks of easy EURE,
 Nor temples pious, objects nobly bold,
 Need we deplore; the aggregate behold!

Now from her squatted bed, inclos'd or bare,
 With dext'rous evolutions starts the hare:
 Where the stretch'd grey-hound in the curving course,
 Vies with the wind's accelerated force;
 Exerts each nerve in emulation's cause,
 While judgment falters to decide applause.

Opposing motives urge the fierce career,
 Hope him impels, she rapid flies with fear;
 While fear and hope one mingled scene supply,
 The victor and the vanquish'd breathless lie.

I remember, that though equally fine with the Downs of Wilts or Dorset for pasture and exercise in wet or dry weather, being upon a lime-stone, the country is highly diversified with those majestic irregularities of nature which never satiate. Add to this, that those happy circumstances of pleasure and health, run parallel on the north and south side of the Valley for many miles, attended with the richest pastures, copious streams, and good roads.

Though Derbyshire is reputed to be the leading County for remarkable and romantic prospects, they seem to be more meagre, are less compounded of the great and little, the cultivated and ruder parts of nature, with the intermixture of ruins, than what fall to the lot of this district.

So strain the youths, proud of gymnastic fame ;
So strove the heroes of th' Olympic game ;
So speed the polish'd courfers of the plain ;
So drives the storm impetuous o'er the main.

Come, crescent-nymph, full fraught with sylvan lore,
Nor blush to school thyself on ALBION's shore.
Hark ! how the cheering, loud, emphatic horn,
Convenes the clam'rous pack to scent the morn ;
The tainted tufts the rising peal provoke,
Till the mix'd clangor agitates the oak ;
The base ton'd man, and shrill obstrep'rous boy,
Exulting fill the wide-spread notes of joy ;
The chearful notes far-echoing rocks rebound,
And nerves accordant own the magic sound ;
Scarce less in pow'r the music of our chace,
Than the fam'd strains of softly-tutor'd THRACE.

Long time the folds Volpone with blood had stain'd,
Long had the village of his spoils complain'd,
Long deep dismay had travers'd o'er the plain,
Where deeds atrocious spoke the despot's reign.
Scar'd by the tumult of promiscuous cries,
Sly from the brake the furtive prowler flies ;
An awful band with vengeful pomp pursues,
And the bold times of NIMROD's sway renews ;

The distant rear a jovial van succeeds,
While the wide welkin rings, the victim bleeds.
No more his wiles shall innocence betray,
Nor mangled fragments mark the caitiff's way :
Rejoice ye flocks, applaud each glad'ning wing,
Peace, Io Pæan ! Io Pæan ! sing.
Say tyrants, say, by guilty passions hurl'd,
Who roll your thunders o'er a trembling world,
Shall pow'r rapacious hope a better fate ?
So far'd, so justly fell, ROME's mighty state !

But leave to SOMERVILLE the wreathed bays,
Nor dare, my Muse, thy feeble voice to raise ;
Low at his shrine Parnassian flow'rets strew ;
Nor vainly strive his footsteps to pursue.
Unrival'd, he in classic chace to roam,
Brings ev'ry rural pleasure winged home ;
Where thought with thought contends in social strife,
Each word a scion shooting into life.
Wide and more wide his lofty muse expands,
And every trophy of the Nine commands ;
For thy lov'd verse accept, immortal shade !
This artless tribute to thy merit paid.

Alert, thou sportive now the *grouse* pursue,
Of mingled brown, and variegated hue ;

With urging instinct silently beset
The latent captives of the wavy net ;
Or, quick as lightning, with explosive force,
Deadly arrest their founding airy course ;
The fragrant breath of flow'ry heath inhale,
That gently floats upon the fanning gale.
Thy labors partly sped, refreshment near,
Then lend to noon-tide calls a willing ear.
Shou'd frowning skies portend a coming storm,
By some clear spring thy tented station form ;
And yet for shade, SOL's beaming ray intense,
We deem it prudent, * timely thus to fence ;
With mirth relax, nor from the vine refrain,
That gives the pallid lymph a blushing stain.

* To many who live in the southern districts of this kingdom, it may be necessary to explain, that the shooting of moor-game, or *grouse*, is a diversion little known to the counties southward of Yorkshire and Derbyshire. It is an exercise much more laborious than the pursuit of partridge, of which season, it has also the start of about five weeks. As the scene of action is chiefly upon wild heaths, it is not unusual for parties to encamp in the day-time to take refreshment, and secure themselves from bad weather, to which the above description alludes. The bird is larger than a Partridge, which in shape it somewhat resembles; is of a fine glossy variegated brown, with eyes encircled by a very bright scarlet-coloured membrane, and feathered legs and feet.

The food of this bird consists of bilberries, (the fruit of the *vaccinium* of the botanists) with the tops and flowers of the ling or heath. Its flesh is reputed to have the highest flavor of any British bird,

Proceed, ye sons of sport, on this safe plan,
 Reject the foodful pastime if you can.
 If nerv'd thy limbs, and flushing health thy boon,
 Sprightly as morn, and glowing as the noon,
 Assert your strength, enjoy the western ray,
 While loaded breezes round the pointers play.
 At eve review whatever labors please,
 And prove the luxury of toil and ease,
 Till Sleep, kind genial pow'r, demands his turn,
 And, vig'rous, strings thee for returning morn.

Lo ! where the glist'ning store *, disclos'd to day,
 By chemic art, assume more potent sway,
 Now in extended sheets, secure the pile,
 Now lend the faded face, delusion's smile ;
 Now vaunting, mimic the carnation's bloom,
 The canvass swell, or gayly robe the room.
 Ah ! were but these the uses of the ore,
 Death less had triumph'd on the Stygian shore :

*The moor or wastes are here replete with lead, and so bountiful is nature to this district, that after having fringed the more fertile part of the Valley with open and commodious pastures for exercise and the chase, the back ground of the country becomes no less valuable for its minerals, besides affording plenty of peat, lime-stone and coals, for the accommodation and employment of its inhabitants.

Here is also a beautiful spar which conduces not only to the more ready smelting of ore, but is applied to the forming of garden-walks. It is much esteemed not only for its lustre and binding quality, but being inimical to weeds.

The crimson'd field, the horror-dashing deep,
Had not so frequent made affliction weep.

Say, BOLTON, say, lord of each sparkling mine,
For wealth upon diffusive hills is thine,
Whose mazy vales, their duty to express,
Bright tributes pour, array'd in gayest dress;
Where sky-bound circles measure thy domain,
And Alpine heights connect the glorious chain:
Say, can this world, for thee so richly clad,
Extended wide, another blessing add?
Added it hath—the choicest prize in life,
The crown of every bliss, a tender wife,
As morning fair, as downy zephyr mild,
In form a JUNO, purity a child;
Whose flowing pen the laurel'd Muses hail,
While every grace adorns the tuneful tale.

Southward we move, where spreading groves declare
The goodly mansion of the noble pair;
Not modern trimm'd, yet stranger to decay,
A pleasing habitation we survey.
No tortur'd objects gothically bent,
No fritter'd scenes, disgustful, here present;
No lark can hail a more enchanting dawn,
No curving swallow skim a brighter lawn;

Streams, woods and hills, their vying charms impart,
And, fresh from nature, nobly beggar art.
Surrounded thus, well may the poet say,
Absent from thee, my vale, "I've lost a day."

Now let our steps the verdant tracts pursue,
And catch the passing objects full in view ;
Yon mystic windings of the hill pervade,
The ample circus, or the open glade ;
Or devious faunter where the shady way
Secludes the storm, and Phœbus' piercing ray ;
Collect instruction from the throngs we see
Thro' life sagacious, in each plant and tree ;
With eye attentive rapturously trace,
The various orders of the puny race,
Whether they woo the cover or the gleam,
Or nimbly navigate the swarming stream ;
Whether along the lap of earth they stray,
Or on light pinions steer their airy way ;
Mark how the sap in slender tube ascends ;
Where sense begins, and vegetation ends ;
How nature works consistent in her plan,
From simple atoms up to complex man.

Behold that arch, the glory of the sky,
Its vivid tints, inimitable dye ;

See fluid gems with gayest lustre proud,
The floating remnants of a weeping cloud.
Say, who explain'd the nice-refracted ray,
And brought forth darkness to the test of day ;
Who with sagacious ken best understood,
The stated motions of the whelming flood ;
Or how attraction so unerring steers,
Thro' the vast void, variety of spheres ?
NEWTON ! the lofty wonder of his age,
Learning's great boast, and EUROPE's leading sage.
Deceit he knew not ; bred in Nature's school,
He fathom'd depths with Nature's line and rule ;
The key of science, Truth to NEWTON lent,
And bade him nobly range her whole extent :
The delegated trust she warm approv'd,
When Heaven resum'd the soul it form'd and lov'd.

Of REDMIRE's mining town how shall we sing ?
The circling verdure and its healing spring
Are all the rooted peasant's native tale,
Who ne'er transgress'd the barrier of his vale.
His vulgar thoughts to narrow views confin'd,
Nor genius charms, nor arts expand his mind ;
Simply he thinks the cloud-invested mounds,
Contain the compass of the world's vast bounds :
Yet to the peasant's rude unpolish'd hand,
Owe we the fairest structures of the land :

On his strong base is built the Doric dome,
 From him arise the textures of the loom;
 As heavy weights the finer springs impel,
 So, with toil's efforts, nobler minds excel.

Thron'd in athletic state, superbly stands
 The graceful castle 'midst luxuriant lands;
 Historic BOLTON*, thro' past ages fam'd,
 Now by the line of ducal POWLETTS claim'd,
 Where erst the wealthy SCROPES in state sojourn'd,
 And Scotland's Queen in tragic durance mourn'd.

* Bolton Castle, where MARY Queen of Scots was imprisoned in 1568. It was built remarkably strong and high; the west part of which is now inhabited by two principal tenants, and in good repair. The form is quadrangular. The east and north sides are now mostly in ruins, which make a fine object of termination from the avenues in the woods, nor less a commanding subject for the descriptive arts. The patent for its erection, now under my eye, agreeable to the brevity of law instruments in early times, is included in one hundred and twenty-seven words, and granted to RICHARD LE SCROP, Chancellor, bearing date the 4th of July in the third year of RICHARD the First, A. C. 1191.

LELAND says, that it was eighteen years in building, and that the charge was annually 1000 marks, (in all 12000l.) The Castle was taken by OLIVER CROMWELL, being defended by a detachment of the Richmondshire Militia.

EMANUEL, Lord SCROOPE, Earl of SUNDERLAND, who died without male issue, was the last of this ancient family that inhabited the Castle. This Nobleman was president of the commission held at York, in the time of CHARLES the First, and is mentioned by HOWELL, who was secretary to his Lordship.

Here pause my muse, nor stop the rising sigh,
Nor yet the forming tear from Sorrow's eye ;
Farewel! Mirth's rosy train, inspiring bowl,
The festive welcome, and dilated soul :
'Tis here reflection plumes her moral lay,
And sets contrasting shades in just array.
Ah, chang'd indeed! ah, how revers'd! condole,
Ye mocking echoes, and the wild wind's howl.
What can Ambition's swelling domes avail,
When Time's corroding fangs their walls assail!
Hence let this scene, this mournful scene impart
One useful lesson to the virtuous heart,

It appears that MARY Queen of Scotland was removed from Carlisle to this place. That her stay here was a year, and that she was suitably guarded, under the farther inspection of Lord SCROPE. Her confinement was not close, being permitted to ride occasionally; and tradition reports, that she once attempted her escape through a wood in the neighbourhood, at Leyburn, by a road which retains the name of the Queen's Gap. The apartment shewn at the Castle as her bed-chamber must impress every beholder with pity for the pensive situation of the royal prisoner, which imagination exaggerates, in associating with it the idea of her personal charms. It was here that the Duke of NORFOLK (allied to the SCROPEs) first made his fatal overtures, which raising suspicion, may have contributed to her removal hence to Tutbury in Staffordshire.

Bishop GIBSON, by a mistake easily committed, has made, in his Camden, the village of Bolton, the birth place of HENRY JENKINS; whereas it is at Ellerton, near Bolton, on the Swale, at least 16 miles distant. Accounts of this remarkable veteran have been frequently published with his epitaph, written by Dr. CHAPMAN, master of Magdalen-College, Cambridge, beginning "Blush not marble." The monument within the church of Bolton, and the pillar without, were erected by subscription in the neighbourhood.

How human ken to destiny is blind,
And that man's works "leave not a wreck behind."

Enough of woe then turn we to behold
Creation's ampler works, aspiring, bold.
See beacon'd PENHILL, view it stately rise,
Whose scaling altitude invades the skies;
Go, climb its brow, its airy tracks explore,
Where breezes wanton from the western shore;
Fondly survey fair CLEVELAND's distant strand,
And golden DURHAM's terminating land.
The eye descending now o'er PENHILL's base,
We decent WITTON's pleasing prospects trace.
Here fleecy troops adorn the sloping green,
There grouping herds diversify the scene;
Now waves voluptuously the pregnant blade,
With BOLTON's swelling woods of deeper shade;
While the gay buck, as of his honors vain,
Asserts the empire of his native plain;
In rank supreme among the brutal race,
When smokes his haunch, or he inspires the chase.
Lost in the view, wild surgy mountains lie,
That blend their distant summits with the sky.

But now, O AYSGARTH*! let my rugged verse,
The wonders of thy cataracts rehearse.

* The romantic situation of the handsome church of Aysgarth, on an eminence, solitarily overlooking these cataracts

Long ere the toiling sheets to view appear,
They found a prelude to the pausing ear.

of the Eure, wonderfully heightens the picturesque idea of this unusual scene; nor is there any place, that I know, more happily adapted to inspire the soothing sentiments of elegy, than this. The decency of the structure within and without, its perfect retirement, the rural church-yard, the dying sounds of water, amidst wood and rocks, wildly intermixed, at a distance, with the variety and magnitude of the surrounding hills, concur greatly to encrease the awfulness of the whole. But some late admirable productions, in the Elegiac strain, impose an utter silence on me, did the nature of my subject admit of any such an attempt.

In approaching the falls that are above bridge from the road on the north side, on which it always ought to be visited, you have the singular advantage of seeing them through a spacious light arch, which, from the obliquity of the highway, presents the river, at every step you advance, in many pleasing attitudes, till you mount the crown of the bridge, and take the whole in one beautiful grotesque view.

We may add to this elegant circumstance another incident in character, that the concave of the bridge is embellished by hanging petrifications, and its airy battlement happily festooned with ivy; near, on the right hand of the road, attends a sloping wood, on the left is Ayfgarth steeple, magically, as it were emerging from a copse, while the closing back ground of the view is an assemblage of multifarious shrubs, evergreens, projecting rocks, and a gloomy cave.

The water falling near half a mile upon a surface of stone, worn into infinite irriguous cavities, and inclosed by bold and shrubby cliffs, is every where changing its face, breaking forth into irregular beauties till it forms the grand descent called the Force.—The late learned traveller Dr. Pococke, whose search after the sublime and marvellous brought him to this part, was said to own, with exultation, that these cataracts exceeded those in Egypt, to which he was no stranger.

Now in rough accents by the pendent wood,
 Rolls in stern majesty the foaming flood ;
 Revolting eddies now with raging sway,
 To AYSGARTH's ample arch incline their way.
 Playful and slow the curling circles move,
 As when soft breezes fan the waving grove ;
 'Till prone again, with Tumult's wildest roar,
 Recoil the billows, reels the giddy shore ;

There is yet an object seldom seen but by those who narrowly seek amusement, and even little known in the neighbourhood. This demands our note (for our description it cannot have) upon a rivulet at Heaning, distant about two miles from these falls of the Eure.

This curious fall of water runs into a low steep gill, which is difficult of access, and when viewed from the bottom, the stream appears like a silver chain, whose highest link seems connected with the clouds, descending through a display of hovering branches and shading foliage, which, in proportion to the thick or thinner weaving of the boughs, now bursts, and then twinkles, in a manner most amazingly captivating. In a few words, the most copious language must fail in any attempt to describe its unutterable charms, when seen at a season to allow it a force of water.

Many scenes of entertainment of the like kind offer themselves, but of a much inferior class, on the Eure and its tributary streams, especially towards its source, such as those of Bowbridge, Hardrow Foss, Whitfeld and Mill Gills near Askrig, and Foss Gill in Bishopdale, which, however capitally pleasing they might prove in any other part, appear diminished when put in comparison with those already remarked.

The scenery of rock and hanging shrubs, which accompanies the cascade at Hardrow, is truly magnificent. In the memorable frost of 1739, the water formed a surprising column or icicle, which attracted many persons from remote distances to see it, measuring in height 90 feet, and as much in circumference.

Dash'd from its rocky bed, the winnow'd spray
Remounts the regions of the cloudy way,
While warring columns fiercer combats join,
And make the rich, rude, thund'ring scene divine.

Thus bellows EURE ; so YOUNG's seraphic fire
Pourtrays the fury of BUSIRIS's ire :

“ Where fall the founding cataracts, of NILE,
“ The mountains tremble, and the waters boil,
“ Like them I rush, like them my fury pour,
“ And give the future world one wonder more.”

Thus man, the harpy of his own content,
With blust'ring passions phrensically bent,
Wild in the rapid vortex whirls the foul,
Till reason bursts, impatient of control.

But now the wavy conflict tends to peace,
And jarring elements their tumults cease,
Placid below, the stream obsequious flows,
And silent wonders how fell Discord grows.
So the calm mind reviews her tortur'd state,
Resuming reason for the cool debate.
So lessons EURE* : a hapless exile, she,
Proscrib'd her realm, unleagu'd with the sea ;

*The River Eure, Ure, or Yore, as it is differently named,
arises from a mountain, called Cotter, the extremity of the
north-west part of Yorkshire, which hill divides that country

Not so the TIBER of imperial ROME,
 Not so the fam'd SCAMANDER's milder doom.
 Fly, Folly, fly, whose inauspicious frown
 In evil hour seduc'd my EURE's renown.
 The ADRIATIC faithful clasps her Po,
 The THAMES and SHANNON's streams securely flow ;
 Why then, O Eure, thy natal rights retain ?
 Why are thy waves forbid to join the main ?

from Westmoreland. The river having passed near the market-towns of Askrig, Middleham, Masham, Ripon, and Boroughbridge, terminates at the distance of a few miles, and loses its name in the Ouse, there little better than a rill, near the village of Ousebourn, whose waters pass through York, and at length fall into the river Humber.

So pleasing a river as the Eure, being cancelled by the Ouse in its farther progress, that river which dignifies the scenes of Wensley-Dale and Hackfall, is a circumstance that provokes the Poet's ire and exclamation. At what period this reform took place, we have not been able to determine ; but there is a strong presumption that the river which now washes the walls of York, was anciently called *Eure* or *Yore*, whence the city seems to have received its name, the county being called in Domesday-book *Eurevickseire*. Hence *Eurewick*, *Yore-wick*, or the town upon the Eure.

It is not the purpose of these sheets to present a history of Wensley-Dale ; but I must pay a transient respect to an edifice in the Valley, of great antiquity, called *Nappa*, being noticed by Leland and other succeeding historians, which, by the termination, favors a conjecture of its being of Roman origin. It belongs to WILLIAM WEDDELL, Esq; and is situated under a crag, in all the gloomy privacy of monastic taste, having embrasures upon the top, which give it a military air, in the bow and arrow style, but must have been intended only for ornament, as the building wanted both strength and situation for defence, being small and liable to be commanded from an overlooking cliff, even by the impotent weapons of attack in

Presumption strange! shall drawling Ouse rebel,
 That winds her sedgy course from turbid cell?
 Shall she usurp the empire of thy flood,
 And mix with thine, contaminated blood?
 Forbid it Fates, forbid it all ye train,
 That guide the streams or rule the briny main.
 As well might FRANCE dispute our naval fame,
 Or hawks associate with the trembling game;
 Sooner MARIA's radiance cease to please,
 Poets grow rich, or Pain accord with Ease;
 Impartial Justice deal alike their fate,
 Who sap a country, or who save a state;
 Sooner shall social CROWE contract his heart,
 Or cease a day good humor to impart;
 As soon just DANBY shall relinquish sense,
 Or polish'd DARLINGTON create offence;
 To forfeit truth a CAMDEN meanly deign,
 Or science languish in a GEORGE's reign;

the days of its erection. However, there is character and plantation enough about the house, always to command the stranger's eye, and lead the traveller to enquire after some account of the place.

This was the seat of the METCALFS, a very ancient family, of which CAMDEN makes honourable mention. The last heir of this family was THOMAS METCALF, Esq; barrister, a most excellent magistrate, a man of amiable qualities, and an ornament to his country.

He lived at Nappa, preferring rural tranquillity to the war of words and the bustling scenes of life, dying a bachelor, 1756, in the 71st year of his age.

Sooner shall virtue prove an empty name ;
Than we the honors of the EURE disclaim.

Come then, pure stream, the purest of the throng,
Come, and adorn my tributary song.
Prepare, ye nymphs, prepare the tepid wave,
And let CLEORA there securely lave.
Be still thou North be hush'd thou peevish East,
CLEORA bathes, CLEORA forms the feast.
Let no rude breezes on thy bosom dance,
Nor undulations break the smooth expanse.
Ye masking willows of the close recess,
Be Virtue's guard, and lend the veiling dress.
Now looking round she quits her loose attire,
The scaly tribes with one accord admire,
The conscious stream dividing to embrace,
Clasps the coy panting prize in all her grace.
Transparent cover'd how enchanting shine,
The lovely-model'd limbs of shape divine !

As DAMON sleeping 'midst the foliage lay,
Lull'd by the warblers of each hov'ring spray,
His dreams, the heralds of his future hour,
Had rang'd extatic thro' each Cyprian bow'r.
DAMON, the blithest lad of rural youth,
The spotless transcript of untainted truth,

Saw quick approaching from the radiant morn,
In azure vest on downy æther borne,
A matchless form ; her passion-darting eye,
Eclips'd the brightness of Italia's sky,
The loves attractive shone in blushes meek,
And health high circling mantled in her cheek,
Her every step, her attitude and air,
Ineffable, confess'd the heavenly fair ;
Near and more near the beauteous form advanc'd,
Stole on his soul in Pleasure's zenith tranc'd,
Till by the genius of the shade appriz'd,
He woke, and found the vision realiz'd.

The fair retires, unconscious of the view,
Nor aught she wish'd, nor aught of love she knew.
Each pore pervaded, soon a beech he sought,
And on its yielding bark essay'd his thought.

‘ Go, pensive lines, address the lovely maid,
‘ That yonder on the flow’ry turf is laid,
‘ Go tell—but, Language, ’tis beyond thy art,
‘ To speak the poignant feelings of my heart.
‘ Go tell—ah ! Goddess, deign my mind to guess,
‘ Nor farther urge, in pity, my distress ;
‘ Come Love, thou parent soft of hope and fear,
‘ Thou meek beguiler of the circling year,

‘ That gild’st the desert, animat’st the pole,
‘ And spread’st thy potent empire o’er the whole;
‘ Come, aid the vent’rous swain success to try,
‘ Entreat one warbling boon of Melody.’

As turns the bark each shifting breeze to save,
So ply’d the youth, and these instructions gave.

‘ Haste envied thrush, that charm’st the ear,
‘ Where woodbines fragrant twine,
‘ High perch with music’s melting air,
‘ And votive hail yon shrine.

‘ Convey each thought my throbbing breast
‘ Despairingly sustains,
‘ Bid sweet CLEORA give me rest,
‘ And kindly ease my chains.

‘ Compassion to the fair belongs,
‘ Thy wooing art employ,
‘ Impress her with prevailing songs,
‘ Or farewell ev’ry joy.

‘ The pilgrim thus, worn down with woe,
‘ Implores some sacred maid,
‘ That she wou’d graciously bestow,
‘ Her mediating aid.

‘ The pray’r is heard, life springs a-new,
 ‘ And hope elates his soul,
 ‘ The toil now less’ning to the view,
 ‘ He gains the distant goal.’

Who can describe? speak, ye compeers in love,
 Ye lone frequenters of the nodding grove;
 Paint, if ye can, how soft persuasion hung
 On the sweet accents of the minstrel’s tongue.
 As stands the sailor when in awful hour,
 The winds tempestuous o’er the ocean pour;
 In such suspense remain’d the timid swain,
 While mute he listen’d to the suppliant strain.
 Inspir’d at length, himself the fair address’d;
 The yielding fair approv’d the soft request.

Should these mild scenes but haply prompt desire,
 Or gently stir my STREPHON’S native fire;
 O! let Him come, and PAN’S calm moments share,
 With faithful friendship’s superadded care;
 Wisely with taste each jocund day prolong,
 In mental banquet, ever willing song;
 Here woo fair peace, here quit all ardent strife,
 Deaf to each syren vanity of life;
 Happy to catch amusement, and explore,
 The wond’rous secrets of great Nature’s store;

Make this the point where mutual wishes meet,
And calmly rest at length our weary feet.

Anchor'd at WENSLEY, I no phantoms court,
My pastime authors, and my business sport.
Not that my fancy starts no chearful change,
For to the friendly dome I love to range,
With heart at ease of local pleasures share,
Mix in the group, or saunter with the fair.
And shou'd some rankling arrow darkly glance,
Shot by the fool, by envy, or by chance,
As ATLAS firm, unvarying to the end,
Do Thou my soul on Rectitude depend.
So shall the pointed steel innoxious fall,
And Virtue rise triumphant over all.

But shall my VALE alone engage the bard,
Nor EBOR's sons, nor ALBION's praise be heard?
Rise, Fancy, rise, O! nurse the darling theme!
While Truth illumines it with her native beam.
And THOU, my land, a point amidst the whole,
"Thou little body with a mighty soul,"
All hail, BRITANNIA, paragon of isles!
Where learning triumphs, sacred freedom smiles;
Where persecution ceases to alarm,
Where but the guilty feel thy potent arm.

By Ocean zon'd, thou can'st the world defy,
While arts commercial all thy wants supply.

Seek we for honor at a source that's clear,
In thy fam'd state, behold, there bright appear
A SAVILE firm in each important trust,
And princely LASCELLES, resolutely just.
Nor time abates their warmth of patriot-strife,
In senates sound, unstain'd in private life.
Go, son, each parent says, and catch their zeal,
Like them unceasing serve the public weal;
Like them, indignant spurn each low desire,
By their example form thy future fire.
Too great the soaring task!—then snatch one ray,
To light thy steps through life's less cultur'd way.

Shou'd aught of eloquence thy bosom warm,
Or Roman diction in the FORUM charm,
Hear then a WEDDERBURNE the law expound,
And mark the list'ning audience rang'd around.
Mark to his calm address, his sense refin'd,
The graceful climax and expanded mind;
The lucid period with conviction fraught,
And language stagger from the force of thought.
Possessed of him, why need we TULLY name?
Since WEDDERBURNE and TULLY are the same.

A source himself, where ATHENS, LATIUM, shine,
And all the charms of elegance combine.

If soft persuasion, unaffected grace,
With love extended o'er the human race;
If learning, truth, or glowing zeal invite,
See them in candid ELY all unite.
See them add lustre to the sacred lawn,
Smile on the needy, on the friendless, dawn.
When merit pines, alert each want to scan,
Steps forth the prelate, patron, and the man.

Yes, DELIA, yes, domestic worth is thine,
For thee the Virtues shall the chaplet twine,
On thee the honors of the Muse await,
Superior pattern in the nuptial state.
Now thrice twelve years, unknowing what was strife,
Jointly we've trod the social path of life.
Progressive seen the human tendrils shoot,
Play round the stem and ripen into fruit.
With rapture ey'd the smiling graces grow,
And taught the lisping accents how to flow;
While of their sportive triumphs we partook,
And trac'd prophetic semblance in each look.
Hail happy times! nor shall reflection cease,
Wisely to live past days of love and peace
When sweetly roving first on reason's chart,
We mark'd each tender feeling of the heart.

Safe in the haven of consoling rest,
We sip from ev'ry hour nectareous zest ;
Pluck from the graceful rose its irksome thorn,
And make our evening chearful as the morn.
O grant ! benignly grant ! ye Powers divine !
The solid blessing long to call thee mine.
And when that day, that awful day shall come,
When PÆON-skill no longer waves our doom ;
On some kind stone, perchance, the sculptor's art,
May to the reader, these faint words impart :
Then may our names, as now our hearts, entwine,
Be thus remember'd in one common line :
“ Here rest the relicks of a nymph and swain,
“ Who equal shar'd life's pleasure and its pain.”

Beneath yon roof, with mantling ivy spread,
By Peace, by Virtue, and Contentment led,
There dwells a man, within whose gentle breast
Life's scatter'd blessings permanently rest.
Nor fast he thinks Time's fleeting moments flow,
Nor moves the sliding sand one grain too slow.
A partner kind each duteous look displays,
While pratling cherubs chear his rolling days.
The scythe's full swath, the sickle's grasp secur'd,
And with each comfort of the year immur'd ;
His dog at ease, the cat demurely wife,
His flocks robust, and absent all disguise,

At eve returning from the pregnant field,
Blest in whate'er domestic pleasures yield :
The faggot brought, produc'd the wholesome fare,
He gives to Winter's blasts devouring Care.
As humor prompts him, and his gains prevail,
Eager each ear to catch the coming tale,
He tells in wonted strain the day's exploit,
And thus with rustic glee contracts the night.
The social ev'ning past, he rests his head,
Where friendly slumbers shade his humble bed.
What tho' no pomp salutes his opening eyes,
Yet toil, sweet toil, the soothing down supplies ;
Early he breathes the salutary hour,
Now carols loud, now weaves the shelt'ring bow'r ;
Approves his lot however lowly cast,
And grateful shares of nature's plain repast ;
Nor stoops to know how kings their sceptres wield,
A cot his palace, innocence his shield.
If bleak the wind, or the world dreary lies,
His earnest labor mocks the chilling skies,
While timely cares repel invading snows,
And the firm heart with double ardor glows.
His simple food, the pledge of rosy health,
Secures his joy, supplies the want of wealth.
Thus circumscrib'd, he nothing more pursues,
Nor asks one other good to close his views,

Till Time the vital fluid slowly stops,
And mellow, like autumnal fruit he drops.

Perish the meanness of exulting pride,
That idly wou'd such bounded aims deride.
Let Folly shout, let Vanity assume,
Her pert grimace, her ever-nodding plume ;
Let Dissipation and her giddy train,
The gaudy meteors of a sickly brain,
On wings of ICARUS disporting fly,
Till, victims in the gay pursuit, they die.
He then whose heart such scenes as these can move,
Still may he lead the peaceful life I love ;
Still, undisturb'd, the grateful state enjoy,
Where changeful ease and business never cloy ;
A fertile farm, a household debonair,
From debt exempt, nor plagu'd with fordid care ;
The bearded field, the udder swelling plain,
Some fleecy bleaters, and a fit domain
For winter's forage ; if the glebe be cold,
Manure to warm it from the teeming fold ;
While by such care with glowing heart he spies,
A new creation from his labors rise :
Brown ale, to gain kind HODGE's scraping thanks ;
For friends, the ruddy stream from DOURO's banks ;
A few good fleeds to work, or ride for air,
Or sometimes gently draw the tender fair :

The cordial visit, and the dry-wood flame,
Associates lively, and the courteous dame,
To rear the honors of connubial love,
While softness joins each lesson to improve.
These, these are mine, nor want my wishes fill
Stores in reserve, the subjects of my will.
Around my barn the pamper'd pullets fly,
And crowded streams the finny race supply ;
Contiguous meads the titled loin afford,
And willing servants tend my vail-less board.
Should the laps'd hour an instant dish demand,
Or casual guest quick urge the practis'd hand,
Suspended high, the ready fitch descends,
And the warm egg, luxurious feast ! attends.
POMONA's gifts in fair succession flow,
Freely my bees the luscious balm bestow,
While FLORA gayly smiling tempts my lay,
And friendly converse crowns the festive day.
In home-raised pleasures thus devoid of strife,
Softly in social ease, glides rural life.

But still, if gratitude no tribute brings,
Nor piety to heaven its rapture wings ;
If truth's strong cement should e'er cease to bind,
Nor wisdom's precepts occupy the mind ;
Still if within, no yielding state of soul
Receives the soft impression of the whole,

Earth's richest produce unadmir'd will rise,
Unheard the lark will warbling mount the skies;
In vain the soothing murmurs of the rills,
In vain the lowings echo'd from the hills;
The Muse will fruitless found the pleasing strain,
And ev'ry hope of solid joy prove vain.



IN our survey of this district of amusement and curiosity, we cannot omit some remarks necessary to illustrate and conclude the whole, especially as the Dale contains many subjects of eminence which have occasionally exercised the pen and pencil of the ingenious. In that capital work, the *British Antiquities*, by Mr. Grose, are exhibited two views of Middleham Castle, a view of the ruins of Jarvis or Joreval Abbey, two of Bolton Castle, one view of Wensley Church and Bridge, and one of the Bridge at Aysgarth, with ample descriptions. This judicious author and antiquary has also given us two plates of the remains of *Coverham* Abbey in the adjoining Valley of the same name.—We are likewise favoured with a descriptive sketch of the

country, and a plate of Aysgarth Force, by Mr. Pennant in his tour to Scotland, in his usual lively manner.

An engraving of Bolton House, is to be seen in the Repertory published by Godfrey, Long-Acre, 1775, and a fine perspective view of the house and environs, from a drawing of that accurate master, P. Sandby, engraved by M. A. Rooker, published in the Copper-Plate Mag. 1775, and sold by Kearsley, Fleet-street.

Some paintings by Mr. P. Sandby, and the late Mr. Dall (scene painter and machinist to Covent Garden Theatre,) of the river scene at the Force, and of Bolton Castle, some of which have appeared at the exhibitions, are in private possession. Aysgarth Force is also represented on an internal wall at Harewood House by Dall, whose widow in Newport-Street has the pictures previously alluded to, for sale. Notice has been already taken of the ivy-clad battlement of Aysgarth Bridge, which is likewise represented in Mr. Grose's plate; but it will be looked for now in vain, as in some late repairs by a cruel and tasteless operator, the bridge has been divested of that ivy, with which, immemorially it was so happily decorated.

Having already signified that Jenkins was a native of

this Riding, we cannot pass unobserved, a person, who, though no competitor with him in respect to longevity, yet on another singular account deserves to be recognised. A Mr. P. H. who lived in a state of matrimony for 60 years at Bolton House, and whose life was no ways distinguished by any uniformity, particular good health or variety, lately died in his 87th year, without having lost but a single tooth a few months before his exit, with a face ruddy and almost destitute of wrinkles, a strong eye, steady hand, and *without having acquired a grey hair*. He had lived in the days of six Dukes of Bolton, in whose service as a principal agent, he had been mostly employed. His wife died upwards of ninety, and his two immediate predecessors in office, nearly at the same age, under one roof; no small presumption of the salubrity of the air in which they lived. They were all accustomed to early rising, a circumstance, which as far as our observation extends, has generally waited upon remarkable old age, and been its inherent character, however the votaries might have otherwise varied in rule, regimen, country, or situation.

The age of Johannes de Temporibus, or John of the times, as he was called, a German, who lived to see so many Emperors, and is quoted by Lord Bacon and Verstegan, cannot be looked upon in any other light

than that of fabulous exaggeration, and seems to deserve no other credit than the famous Countess, with her numerous issue, of whom Derham and others speak. Indeed, Jenkins, aged 169, bids fairest for the palm of longevity, of any persons we can collect from comparatively recent and authentic records. Even ancient Rome, in the zenith of its populousness, when on a census taken, it was said to contain above one million and a half of people, produced but two that had arrived to the lengthened years of 150, even at a time when intemperance and disease could not be supposed so diversified, or prevalent, as in modern days.

But we refer those who seek after instances of longevity, to Hermippus Redivivus, ascribed to the late Dr. Campbell, where the reader will find a plentiful harvest of such particulars.—The site of the village where Jenkins was born, trained and died, is low, clayey, and subject to inundations from the river Swale. His cottage is erased, but the spot was shewn me by the late Colonel Crowe, then owner of the manor and premises. The want of a British topography has been for some time regretted by the inquisitive: for what casually floats upon tradition, or is given us by the historian of the village, is daily losing ground; and our periodical pieces are not sufficiently durable registers of local facts and things which lie so widely scattered. It

must therefore give pleasure to the literary class, to find that a gentleman of abilities has undertaken so arduous, useful, and entertaining a work, as that of the British topography, and which we hope will be continued for the emolument of the public.

Ribald or Robert, Lord of Middleham, was a younger brother of Alan Rufus, or the red, Earl of Richmond, and the first Lord of Middleham after the conquest of England, and to whom the said Alan (who died without issue A.D. 1089) gave the manor and honour of Middleham with the appurtenances, and many other lands, which before the conquest belonged to Chilpatrick, a Dane, in the time of the Confessor. Robert the son of Ralph, and grandson of Ribald, built the castle of Middleham, to whom Conan Earl of Brittany, or Bretagne, gave Wensleydale, or Wenslydale, Wendesleydale, Wendeslaydale and Wensleydale, with common of pasture. The descendants of Ribald enjoyed a fair fortune here, till issue male failed in Ralph the second, the third son of Robert who built the castle, and died 54 Hen. III. 1270. It is said his estates were divided between his three daughters, of whom Mary, the eldest, who was then married to Robert Neville, son of the Lord of Raby in the county of Durham, had this honor and castle for her share. Afterwards the castle being in the hands of King Hen. VI. by the

forfeiture of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury; and Sir John Neville, uncle to Ralph Earl of Westmoreland, who died without issue, being found heir to his honor and estate, and adhering to that King in his disputes with the house of York, was made constable of it for life. Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, on the 26th of July, 1469, after the battle of Edgecote Field, otherwise called Banbury Field, which was fought in a plain called Danes Moor, near to the town of Edgecote and three miles from Banbury, having taken King Edward IV. in his camp at Ulney, a village beside Northampton, by the Archbishop of York, brother to Warwick, the King was brought prisoner to Warwick Castle, and thence to York; he was also prisoner at Middleham, whence he escaped (as it is said, from a hunting party) and came to London. But it has been discovered from the *Fœdera*, that Edw. IV. while said universally to be prisoner to Abp. Neville, was at full liberty and doing acts of regal power.

By the death of the Earl of Warwick at the battle of Barnet, all his lands became forfeited, as were also those of John de Neville, Marquis of Montague, his brother: among which last was this lordship, which by act of parliament 11 Edw. IV. was settled, with other their estates, upon Richard Duke of York, that King's

brother, to hold to him and the heirs of his body lawfully begotten.

The town of Middleham is situated on a gentle rising ground, about a short half mile on the south side of the river Eure, in the Wapentake of Hangwest, in that part of the North Riding of Yorkshire called Richmondshire, in the deanery of Catterick, and in Domefday is called Medelai.

The castle stands on the south side of the town, and was formerly moated round by the help of a spring conveyed in pipes from the higher grounds, although on the north and west sides no traces of a ditch appear; but an old wall subsisted within memory that had been erected as a safeguard from the mote, on the side next the town, for prevention of accidents. Leland says, it was in his time (about 230 years ago) the fairest castle in Richmondshire, except Bolton: but in this remark, that author could only mean in respect to the wear and preservation of Bolton, since in point of magnitude, the former had eminently the advantage. It does not occur to my reading, that Middleham castle was ever besieged by the parliament forces, though common report of the place allows it. In the remains, we trace more the ruin of decay and demolition for the purposes of sale and use, than military destruction.

The place was much favoured by Edw. IV. and his brother, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard the third, whose only son Edward was born in this castle A. D. 1473. About a quarter of a mile south of the castle is an artificial mount of a considerable height, designed for a place of strength, and the highest fortification or keep thereof is made in form of a horse fetter, which was the device of the family of York, like that of Fotheringhay in Northamptonshire, and between this mount and the castle is a remarkable loud and distinct echo.

Middleham being grown into the favour of the house of York, Richard, then Duke of Gloucester, intended to found a college at this place, which was to consist of a dean, six chaplains, and four clerks, also six choristers and one other clerk. For this purpose he obtained from his brother Edw. IV. a licence, bearing date 21 Feb. 17 Edw. IV. Tho. Rotheram, Abp. of York, in the second year of his translation, and 24 March, 1481, exempts the dean, the church and inhabitants, from all archiepiscopal jurisdiction. In 1482, John Sherwin, Archdeacon of Richmond, exempts the church of Middleham from all archideaconal, episcopal, ordinary, and other ecclesiastical jurisdiction whatever, reserving five shillings sterling out of the profits of the church of M. 12 April 1482, Robt. Bothe, dean and chapter of

York, confirm the exemption made by the Archbishop, and in April, 1483, they confirm the exemption made by the Archdeacon of Richmond.

Notwithstanding these steps taken for the privileges of the intended college, yet before any buildings were erected, or provisions made for support of the chaplains or choir, Richard left the work imperfect, being prevented by the troubles in which he was involved, or by death; but there is a field which still retains the name of College Close, near to the river Eure, in which probably the pile was to have been erected.

However, the incumbent retained the name of Dean, who being exempt from the ordinary jurisdiction of his diocesan, as a royal peculiar, exercised diverse privileges and ecclesiastical jurisdiction within the bounds of his parish, as marrying people living in it, or in any other parish, without a licence or publication of banns. Although in the year 1736, and in the year 1739, a warm prosecution was carried on against Luke Cotes, then Dean of Middleham, for marrying a couple without publication of banns or a licence first had, grounded on the statute of the 10th of Ann, ch. 19, s. 176, for the penalty of 100l. given by that statute. But upon producing the before-mentioned charters and other

proofs, the defendant Cotes in both actions had a verdict, and the Dean of Middleham, for the time being, afterwards enjoyed the same privilege, till finally abrogated by the marriage act, 26 Geo. II. The freeholders never answered to any court but to the Dean's. Probate of wills is said to have been granted by the Deans, who never married with licences, nor granted any.

The following was taken from the parish church at Middleham.

Sir Henrie Linley, that worthie knight of Middleham Castle, buried 8th of November, 1609.

Ladie Feronoma Linley, buried 1st of August, 1610.

Sir Edward Loftus, and Mrs. Jane Linley, married 28th February 1639.

Arthur, son of the Right Hon. Lord Loftus, baptized 18th of June, 1644.

The handsome parish churches of Wensley and Aysgarth near the river, with those of Spenithorn and Middleham, all in rising situations, contribute much to give the vale a highly picturesque air. The church at Wensley, about the centre of the Vale, contains the sumptuous and ancient pew of the Scropes, brought from St. Agatha near Richmond, at the dissolution of that Abbey.

As the inscriptions have long been giving way to time and accident, to preserve their remains the following extracts were made from a folio manuscript in the Herald's Office, compiled by Sir William Dugdale, a copy of which is in the British Museum.

Wencelagh 18 Octobr. 1622.

Sculptum super quandam ligneam Clausuram a Canobio Stæ. Agathæ juxta Richmond quondam dissoluto, delatam.

“Here lyeth Henry Scrope, Knight, the 7th of that Name, and Mabell his Wyffe, Daughter to the Lord Dakers, de Grays: Here lyeth Henry Scrope, Knight, the third of that Name, and the Right Hon. Lord Scrope of Bolton, and Elizabeth his Wife, Daughter of — —

Super Lapidem marmoreum.

“Hic teguntur humo Henricus Scrop, Ricardusq; Domini Henrici De Bolton et Mabellæ Uxoris suæ minores Natu liberi: Quorum alter xxv°. die decessit martii, alter xxvii°. July, anno Domini M.D.XXV.”

In a burial vault made by the Marquis of Winchester who is already cited, lies alone, his Marchioness, the family having never resided at the mansion since the reign of James the second, but in a transient way.

Before the memorialist quits his theme and the

village, may he be permitted to pay his conclusive
homage and say, with that tender friend who has so
long ripened by his side,

O! let us here, our peaceful vespers keep,
And lastly in this hallow'd bosom sleep.



JUSTICE will probably allow, without the charge of
plagiarism, that we quote our own communications in
this place, although previously given to another work,
as they fitly apply, and the book to which we allude,
(GROSE'S British Antiquities) is too voluminous and
expensive for the many to purchase, and as the whole
of WENSLEYDALE with the insertion of the TOURIST,
will form a sort of topographical plan in aid of future
Historians, who may be disposed to engage more
generally in a provincial detail.

Had LELAND, CAMDEN, BEDE, HEARN and others
received more lights, they would have given us more

certainly and amusement, and every antiquary feels and laments in his enquiries, the paucity of his materials and the barren state of monastic times.

We cannot also but express our surprize, that the History of Yorkshire is so much in the rear, and hath not been attempted in any of its divisions, excepting York, and its Ainsty, by DRAKE; and Holderness, a retired part in the East-Riding, by the Rev. WILLIAM DADE, well qualified for the office, but inexorable death put an end to his pursuits.—His papers are in the hands of tried ingenuity, with a view, we apprehend, of meeting the public eye, but are too confined to fill up a large space in such an extensive county as Yorkshire. The motto, *never despair*; invigorates all adventurers, and the person who undertakes the task will doubtless call forth help from a contributing public. Even vanity with some, interest with others, and the love of Science from many, will swell the account. It would bring forward not a few dormant relics, and animate even indolence into action. For how is the river to flow, if the tributary streams should withhold their stores, and say, we will not advance thy importance, till we see thee formed and know thy full extent.

We have thrown in some observations, which our facetious friend, to use his own expression, said,

would tend to correct the soporific quality of the Antiquary.

Mr. GOUGH, the learned and ingenious editor of CAMDEN, (since GIBSON) and author of some topographical Remarks, &c. has pointed out the way to begin such elaborate undertakings, and the Histories we have of surrounding and remote districts, would be guides or patterns for the rest, if judiciously selected.

It may in this place be necessary to explain that the Poem was first published in the year 1780, hence many alterations have ensued with time, which stands unaltered in the text.



THE LATE
BRIDGE AT AYSGARTH,

in the North Division of YORKSHIRE.

ALTHOUGH this Bridge can scarcely boast a sufficient age to claim a place in this work, its erection being so late as the year 1539, as appears by a stone tablet on it bearing that date; yet the extraordinary beauty of the surrounding scene, the foaming Cascade seen beneath its arch, the venerable mantle of ivy, the shrubs and trees with which it is shaded and adorned, all join to compensate for its want of antiquity. Besides, it must be allowed, that considering the time when it was built, and the remote place where situated, it is by no means a contemptible performance; being a large segment of a circle, rising near thirty-two feet, and spanning seventy-one, and has in general an appearance of lightness, that would not discredit the work of a

modern artist. At present 1773, it is a little out of repair; the parapet being cracked, and in one place near falling. A small distance below it is the grand water-fall, called Ayfgarth Force, which is situated to the South-East of Askrig, on the bank of the river Ure, and here falls in several places over rocks, in a very romantic manner. The first fall is of several steps, near the Bridge, and though not very steep, is beautifully picturesque. It is a fine hollow inclosed by hills, and shaded by trees. The bridge is one arch of great extent, through which the water foams down several steps in its rocky bed, and through this arch the view is most elegantly pleasing. You first see some shrubby straggling underwood, which hangs just under the brick-work, then the sheet of water falling some feet among the rocks, particularly intersected by three large loose pieces; next is seen another level sheet nearer to you than the former, and then a second torrent, dashing among straggling rocks and throwing up the foam. The top of the Bridge is thick overgrown with ivy, and the whole view bounded by a number of steep cliffs and hills, scattered over with trees. Lower down the river, below the Bridge, are three falls more, which are rendered not a little striking, from the romantic spot in which they are situated; the river being walled in with rocks of a considerable height, with their sides and tops fringed with shrubby wood. The lowest of these falls is the principal; for

the water rushing between the vast rocks, has a double fall of twelve or fifteen feet in the whole, and forms a very noble object. It is to be observed, that the appearances of these falls differ, according to the quantity of water in the river.

But the prime of beauty seems to be its middle state, when the roar is founding, but not to stun the ear, for when its impetuosity is moderated, we enjoy more of its diversity. The lowest ebb of its stream exhibits more the wave-worn bed, and the riplings are multiplied. In the full flood it is more tremendous; in the medium most magnificent; in the low stream more sportive. Comparisons have been made between a stream that falls into the river Tees near Middleton above Barnard Castle, to the disadvantage of that upon the Eure; but we think with much mistaken taste. That above Middleton, is on a naked Moor, seen from a distance, as it is approached, a circumstance which takes from its novelty and grandeur, and is comparatively supplied with scarcity of water and void of surrounding scenery. As well might we compare the spout of a teapot, with the flow of an urn; or the falls of Montmorency in Canada, though lofty, to the wide-spread waves of Niagara.

The modern Bridge was erected and made wider, 1788. But the cruel spoiler rifled its charms of ivy

and hanging petrifications, with which the parapet and arch of the old Bridge were adorned ; so characteristic in their situations, and which time only can replace.

But lost is all its fame, its honors all,
Could not relieve the tott'ring fabrics' fall.

The contiguous mill for manufacturing cotton, was begun 1784, and finished July following.



CASTLE *of* BOLTON, YORKSHIRE.

BOLTON CASTLE was built by RICHARD LORD SCROOPE, High Chancellor in the time of Richard the Second: that King's licence for its erection, bearing date the fourth of July, in the third year of his reign, is still extant. Leland says it was eighteen years completing ; and that the charge each year was a thousand marks: so that, according to this account, the whole cost amounted to twelve thousand Pounds. He likewise relates, that most of the timber used in its construction, was fetched from the forest of Engleby in Cumberland, by means of diverse relays of Ox teams placed on the road ; these relieving each other, drew it from

stage to stage, till it reached Bolton. The same author mentions a remarkable contrivance in the chimneys of the great hall; and a curious astronomical clock. His words concerning the first are these: "One thinge I
" muche notyd in the haulle of Bolton, how chimeneys
" was conveyed by tunnells made in the fydes of the
" waulles, betwixt the lights in the haul; and by this
" means and by no covers is the smoke of the harthe
" in the hawle window strongly conveyed."

In this Castle was a Chantry, founded likewise with the King's Licence, by the above-mentioned RICHARD LORD SCROOPE, consisting of six Priests; one of whom was to be Warden, to celebrate divine Service for King Richard the Second and his heirs.

The plan of this building is of a quadrilateral figure; whose greatest length runs from North to South: But, on measuring it, no two of its sides are found equal; that on the South being 184 feet, its opposite 187, the West side 131, and the East 125 feet. It has four right lined towers, one at each angle: But neither their faces nor flanks are equal; each of the former measuring, on the North and South sides, forty seven feet and a half; and on the East and West only 35 feet and a half; the latter vary from seven feet and a half, to six feet. In the centre, between the two towers, both on the North and South sides, is a large projecting right-angled

buttress or turret. That on the North side is fifteen feet in front; its West side is fourteen; and its East sixteen feet: on the South side the front is twelve feet; its East nine, and its West side twelve feet. As these buttresses stand at right angles to the building, and their flanks or sides being thus unequal, neither the North nor South curtains are one continued right line.

The grand entrance was on the East curtain, near the Southernmost tower: there were, besides this, three other doors; one on the North, and two on the West side. The walls are seven feet in thickness and ninety-six in height. It was lighted by several stages of windows. LELAND says, that the chief lodging-rooms were in the towers; and that here was a fine park, walled in with stone.

In this place Mary, Queen of Scots, was confined anno 1568, being brought hither the thirteenth of July. But Elizabeth, although LORD SCROOPE had given her no reason to distrust either his vigilance or fidelity, chose to remove her to Tutbury Castle in Staffordshire; and to commit her to the keeping of the EARL of SHREWSBURY. Perhaps, as the LORD SCROOPE was brother-in-law to the DUKE of NORFOLK, she might be apprehensive he would favour the designs of that DUKE, who had formed a project of mounting the Throne of Scotland by a marriage with MARY.

During the civil wars, this Castle was a long time gallantly defended for the King, by COLONEL SCROOPE, and a party of the Richmondshire Militia, against the Parliamentary Forces, but, at length, November 5th, 1645, surrendered on honourable conditions.

EMANUEL LORD SCROOPE, EARL of SUNDERLAND, who died without male issue in the reign of CHARLES I. was the last of that ancient family that inhabited the castle. The East and North sides are now mostly in ruins; but the West part is in good repair, and occupied by two families, tenants.

BOLTON CASTLE stands on the North side of Wenfleydale, in the North-Riding of the county of York, six miles from Middleham, and ten from Richmond. Its situation is happily adapted to survey, from its lofty walls, the extensive demesnes antiently belonging to it; as well as to express that magisterial air of grandeur, so characteristical in this style of Architecture; being built at about the distance of half a mile from the river Eure, on an ascent which gradually continues for some miles in its rear, and forms a barrier to defend the pile from the bleak winds of the North. Contiguous, on the East, is the little village of Bolton; on the West is a rookery, which opens into spacious pastures, formerly occupied as parks; while, in the front, as well as on each side, the vale unbosoms its charms in the most engaging manner.

On a perusal of Bolton Castle, some similarities occur, which seem generally applicable to all the castles of any respectable rank and antiquity. The circumstances here alluded to, are the immense size of their ovens; the seeming unnecessary strength of their walls, for bow and arrow times; and the gloomy construction of their rooms. In respect to the first article, the presumption of furnishing the besieged with Bread, in the contingency of a war, and the idea of ancient hospitality in times of peace, may be causes sufficient for explaining the taste of our ancestors in this way; but in regard to the other, it would appear as if the distinguished founders of these mansions were utter enemies to the all-cheering comforts of light and air: for notwithstanding small windows and apertures in the walls, agreeable to the mode of those days, might tend to give stability to the pile and safety to the inhabitants, in those military and feudal ages, certain it is, that much of this precaution might have been spared, more especially aloft, without prejudice to either. Let us add to this account, the first of all considerations, the circumstance of health, which must have been frequently sacrificed to the seasoning of the walls; than which not less than half a century would apparently suffice. Under these predicaments stand the apartments shewn for that in which MARY QUEEN of SCOTS was confined; and the bedroom of the Lord Scroopes: both which, according to

the refinement of the present period, would not be thought sufficiently good even for the domestic animals of a man of fortune.

To hazard a conjecture, the erection of this Castle might be calculated to check the growing and formidable power of that of Middleham, of more ancient date; whose owners, the NEVILS, from their enterprizing spirit, and the mutability of their politics, became troublesome to the many regal successions; whilst the SCROPEs were of a more pacific and loyal turn.

This Castle belongs to the DUKE of BOLTON (from whence the title is derived) it descending to his Grace by the marriage of an ancestor with a daughter of EMANUEL SCROOPE, EARL of SUNDERLAND. The Mansion of the noble family of the POWLETTS stands three miles East of the Castle; and was built by the MARQUIS of WINCHESTER, first DUKE of BOLTON, in 1678.



BOLTON CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.

IN this second view, which gives the North-East aspect, the depredations of time or avarice on this ancient structure are displayed; the chasm seen in the buildings being occasioned by the fall of one of the towers which once decorated and defended the pile, with no other circumstance of damage than alarming the contiguous inhabitants by the noise, and blockading the doors of two cottages, a happy escape! whose thresholds only the scattered fragments precisely reached. This event happened the 19th day of November, 1761, the lapsed tower being on that angle on which the Castle had been attacked in the civil wars of the last century. Hence probably, the injuries it then sustained, co-operating with old age, and the incautious manner of tenants purloining materials for fences and erections, might sap the foundation, and bring the superstructure thus low, after having stood the war of elements and of man near four hundred years.

By this accident however the picturesque appearance of the whole object, from the village of Bolton, is much improved ; but this is a circumstance which, perhaps, the owner may not think a sufficient compensation for mischief done to the building.

This Castle is one of those, which, from the site and preservation of its remaining parts, is greatly pleasing to the eye of the traveller, and highly ornamental to the country ; nor is it less an object of grandeur and beauty, seen from the avenues of the woods near Bolton-house, the more modern mansion of the noble owner of both, where, in several views, the Castle makes a distant termination, singularly fine and grotesque.

In the centre of this Castle is a square area and uncovered space, calculated to give light and air to the internal offices and apartments. Externally, near to the right of the spectator, is one of the cottages of the village of Bolton. Here likewise is shewn the little tho' ancient Church of Bolton, remarkable only for its smallness and rusticity, having neither any engraved brasses, burial ground, painted windows, or funereal memorandums, by which persons eminent only for their riches endeavour, for a while, to preserve themselves from oblivion ; or by which vanity pretends to assume the rehearsal of a life, maugre however unworthy, to be remembered.—To the humility of this Church, which

even has not a fence about it, we drop this conclusive offering.

Sacred SIMPLICITY personified.

Let the proud fane or lofty columns rise,
Spread wide its base, and pierce superior skies ;
Let Rome or Mecca costly incense bring,
'Tis from the heart, oblations grateful spring :
Be mine the task, nor feel I flaunting scorn,
To guide the rustick and the lowly-born.
Then start not, reader, at my humble state
If at this Altar, Zeal and Truth await.



MIDDLEHAM CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.

THIS Castle stands in the Wapentake of Hang-West, in the North-Riding of Yorkshire, and was the head of the honor of Middleham. It was built about the year 1190, by ROBERT, surnamed FITZ RANULPH, grandson of RIBALD, younger brother to ALAN EARL of BRITTANY, to whom all Wensley-dale was given, by CONAN EARL of BRITTANY and RICHMOND. It remained in his posterity till the time of HENRY the Third, when RALPH, or RANULPH the second of that name, dying without issue-male, this Honor and Castle came to the LORD ROBERT DE NEVIL, in right of MARY his wife, the eldest of three daughters, left by the above named RANULPH.

This ROBERT DE NEVIL, being detected in a criminal conversation with a Lady in Craven, was, by the enraged husband emasculated, of which he soon after died; in his descendants it continued till the reign of HENRY the Sixth, when the male-line failing in

RALPH DE NEVIL, EARL of WESTMORLAND, it devolved to his uncle, SIR JOHN NEVIL; the Castle was at that time in the hands of HENRY the Sixth, but SIR JOHN having always sided with the House of Lancaster, was appointed Constable thereof for life.

In this Castle EDWARD the Fourth was confined, after being surprized and taken prisoner in his camp at Wolvey, by RICHARD NEVIL EARL of WARWICK, surnamed the King-Maker, who put him here under the care of his brother, the Archbishop of York; but that prelate suffering EDWARD to take the exercise of hunting in the park, he made his escape; raised sufficient forces to re-instate his affairs, and shortly after vanquished and slew the EARL of WARWICK at Barnet near London. The estates of this EARL being forfeited, and likewise those of his brother, JOHN, MARQUIS of MONTAGUE, proprietor of this Honor and Castle, they were, by an Act of Parliament, 11th of EDWARD the Fourth, settled upon RICHARD, DUKE of YORK, and his heirs legally begotten, so long as any of the heirs male of the MARQUIS of MONTAGUE should remain.

EDWARD, the only son of RICHARD the Third, was born in this Castle, his premature death is, according to the superstition of some later writers, considered as a judgment on RICHARD for the imputed murder of EDWARD the Fifth and his brother.

From that time to the present, this Castle is scarcely, if at all, mentioned in history. LELAND, indeed in his Itinerary, describes its state in his time: "Middleham Castel (says he) joyneth hard to the town side, and is the fairest Castel of Richmondshire next Bolton, and the Castel hath a parke by it, called Sonfkne, and another caullid West-park, and Gaunleffe be wel woddid;" and again, "Middleham is a praty market town, and standith on a rokky hille, on the top whereof is the Castel meately well, diked.

"Al the upper part of the Castelle was of the very new setting of the Lord Neville, caullid Darabi, the inner part of Middleham Castel, was of an auncient building of the Fitz Randolph.

"There be four or five parks about Middleham and longing to it, whreof som be reasonably woodyed."

All that can be farther said of this place with any degree of certainty, is, that it was inhabited so late as the year 1609, by SIR HENRY LINDLEY, Knight. An appraisement of whose goods, he being then lately deceased, was taken the 3d of January in that year; the inventory is in the hands of the Dean of Middleham, 1773.

The leaden pipes, for the conveyance of water, was taken up within the memory of the mother of a person now living.

In 1663, from a receipt communicated by THOMAS MAUDE, Esq; who likewise favoured me with the fol-

lowing portrait of this ruin, it appears as if the Castle then belonging to a LORD LOFTUS, who probably held it by lease from the crown, where the property seems to be; there is a tradition, that it was demolished by OLIVER CROMWELL, but of this I have not been able to find the least trace in history.

Middleham Castle, stands contiguous to the town on the South side, but it is no easy task for the pencil to describe it with justice in any one point of view. The extent and variety of these ruins, as you approach them from the moor Westward, a multiplicity of ragged towers and lofty fissured walls appear, which fill the eye with no unpleasing picture of its majestic decay. But of all the views, whether near or distant, that of the South West has manifestly the advantage, from its being laid more open by the injuries of time; hence the internal ruins are less eclipsed, which figure in the prospect, and exhibit many singular and fantastic forms. Here the cumbrous mass, suspended by a meagre moulding base, seems but to wait for the morrow to complete its prostration; there the dislocated stone, the deserted pillar, and the almost floating arch present themselves, whilst the stunted shrub aloft, the pining moss, and the veiling ivy join in the groupe to display every species of ruin, and to mourn the general wreck.

But let us reverse the scene, to the more pleasing part of its situation.

If the Castle of Bolton affords a more particular view of the Western and middle part of Wensley-dale, that of Middleham has the superior advantage of more distinctly commanding the woods, the finely scattered villages and the mazy progress of the Eure, through spacious meads on the Eastern part of the dale, whilst the sight stretching over the great plain of Mowbray (including the country about Bedale, Northallerton and Thirsk) loses itself among the hills of Cleveland, bordering on the Eastern sea. On a review of these structures, the purposes of their foundation, and the times in which they were erected, every reflecting man must congratulate himself upon the happiness of his fate, in living at a period when the fierceness and frequency of intestine wars no longer scourge this favoured land, nor make such military constructions necessary, when the laws of government, and the rights of humanity are more securely established and critically understood; when even the privileges of a modern peasant, would be injured in a comparison with those possessed by the chieftains of antient days.

To take a view of domestic convenience only in the article of our present mansions, would, I believe, be offering an insult to the reader's judgment; nor is the contrast less, when we revert to the state of the roads in this kingdom, even of late memory, not to dwell upon the elegant and salutary alterations in our metropolis;

reforms which stand unrivalled, for the space of time, in any age or country ; nor is it less a happiness of the grown generation of these days, that they remember, and in remembering, enjoy the happy difference.

One idea more, perhaps not dissimilar to the subject, offers itself to our consideration, I mean the useful and elegant ornament of fashions to our houses, an invention which the exquisite skill of the ancients were strangers to, those ancients whose discovery of the five orders of architecture was so complete, as to become the standard and model of after ages, whose united efforts have not been able to add a sixth.

Ascending from the Castle of Middleham towards the South, there stands, at the distance of about one third of a mile, two nearly joining eminences, evidently military, supposed by some to have been the site of an out-work, serving as an appendage to the Castle ; but, as I presume, that mode of defence was not in vogue previous to the use of gun-powder, it is more probable, they were formed for the purposes of cannon, as their commanding situation and distance from the Castle, seem to correspond with that view. The entrance into this Castle was by a very strong arched gate-way, on the North side, next the town. The remnants of a moat now appear on the South and East sides, but the ditch is daily filling up with weeds and rubbish. At a station near the middle

distance of the eminences above described, and the Castle, the walls afford an echo the most distinct and loud I ever remember to have heard.

Whether the Castle belongs to the Lord of the Manor, a private Gentleman, or to the Crown, I cannot ascertain. The first is said to exercise acts of ownership over it in many cases; the last appoints its Constable, now (1773) the Earl of HOLDERNESS, a distinction that has been long enjoyed by the family of the D'ARCYs.



MIDDLEHAM CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.

MIDDLEHAM CASTLE consists of an envelope or outer work, fortified with four towers, enclosing a body or keep. This envelope is in figure a right angled parallelogram, of 210 feet by 175; its greatest length running N. and S. and each of its sides facing one of the cardinal points of the compass.

It has four right lined towers of different magnitudes, one at each angle; but at the extremity of the South Westernmost there is the addition of a round one, from near which tower this view was taken. Great part of the East side of this building is fallen down.

Within this, in the center, stands the keep, or what were the State apartments; the outer part being commonly allotted for servants' lodgings, stables, and offices. This building, which is much higher than the envelope, is of a shape similar to it, except that besides

a kind of turret at each angle, there are two others on its sides, one on the S. and the other on the E. The first, which is a small one, is near the centre ; the other much larger, joins to the turret on the S. E. angle ; it is about 10 or 12 feet higher than the adjoining wall, which measures about 55 feet, and was probably when entire, some feet higher.

The main building is unequally divided by a wall which runs from N. to S. Here still remain the broken stairs, which the boys in their pastime frequently ascend to frolic on the top of the ruins, though an exercise attended with many hair-breadth escapes.—A few years ago a Cow, of *genius* we suppose, (pardon, gentle Reader, a moment's trespass on the dignity of history,) led by the allurements of ivy, or some such botanical idea, or excited by her love of a prospect or antiquity, elevated herself to a situation, which however she might approve, was no ways congenial with the taste or ambition of her incurious master. A council being held how to avert the imminent danger to which she stood exposed, it was resolved at last to leave the mode of retreat to her own judgement ; which, after various devices to save her life, she accordingly performed with the utmost address, to the no small amusement of the wondering crowd and anxious owner.

Since the printing of the first part, the following anecdotes relative to this Castle have occurred. It

belonged in the reign of HENRY the Sixth to the EARL of SALISBURY, as has before been observed: from hence in the 37th of that King, the Earl with 4000 men marched for Lancashire, in his way to London, in order to demand redress of the King for injuries done his son by the Queen and her Council. Here also (according to Stowe) the Bastard FALCONBRIDGE was beheaded, anno 1471. Notwithstanding he had received the Royal pardon; he was brought hither from Southampton, where he had been seized by RICHARD DUKE of GLOUCESTER: his head was sent to London, and set up on the bridge. Besides these, Middleham Castle is mentioned in an ancient Comedy, entitled, *George a Green*, supposed by the Editor to have been founded on historical facts, or some ancient traditions: by whom it was written is not certain, though some attribute it to JOHN HEYWARD, about the year 1599.

In this Play, KING EDWARD is made to bestow it on an old man called WILLIAM MUSGROVE. The story is as follows: The EARL of KENDAL having excited a rebellion, in which he was favoured by an incursion of the Scots under their KING JAMES, the Scots are vanquished with a great slaughter; and their King taken by old MUSGROVE, who is represented as a man of 103 years of age, and heretofore the scourge and terror of that nation. The scene is laid about Wakefield and Bradford.

After the victory MUSGROVE is introduced to KING EDWARD, when the following dialogue ensues :

- Edw.* Ah old Musgrove, stand up,
It fits not such grey hairs to kneel.
- Mus.* Long live my Souveraign,
Long and happie be his days !
Vouchsafe my gracious Lord a simple gift
At Billy Musgrove's hand.
King James at Meddleom Castel gave me this :
This wonne the honour, and this give I thee.
- Edw.* God a mercie, Musgrove, for this friendly gift,
And for thou felest a King with this same weapon,
This blade shall here dub valiant Musgrove,
Knight,
- Mus.* Alas ! what hath your Highness done ? I am poor.
- Edw.* To mend thy living, take thou Middellom Castle
The hold of both ; and if thou want living,
complain,
Thou shalt have more to maintain thine estate.

Notwithstanding what is said by the Editors, this Play seems to have little or no foundation in history. The King here is simply named EDWARD, without any other distinction ; but as the Scots King is called JAMES, and no mention is made of EDWARD's Son, it can only be EDWARD the Fourth, he being the first of that

name contemporary with a JAMES, and the last that had issue.

Having thus ascertained the King, the next step is to see whether the other circumstances accord with the events of that reign ; but in these there is very little similarity ; for although there was a war with the Scots, no decisive battle was fought near Middleham, neither was the King of Scotland taken prisoner. It is true, there was an insurrection in Yorkshire towards the latter end of this reign, on account of a contribution demanded for the maintenance of an hospital at York ; but this was terminated by the defeat of the Rebels at Banbury. I will not object to the anachronism of introducing here Robin Hood, who lived in the reign of RICHARD the First. The introduction of even imaginary characters, was a liberty then frequently taken in old historical plays, in order to divert the audience and enliven the representation—a compliment to the upper galleries of those times. It may also be objected that the Castle of Middleham was about that period the property of RICHARD Duke of GLOUCESTER. To this it may be answered, that a man of the age old MUSGROVE is here described to be, would not in all probability hold it above a year or two, after which it might be granted to RICHARD.

The same gentleman who favoured me with several curious particulars concerning this castle, printed in the first part, has again communicated the following addi-

tional observations, which I shall give in his own words ;
 “ The hiatus you so justly complain of, relative to the
 “ account of Middleham Castle, is a defect I know not
 “ how to supply ; certain it is, that we leave the struc-
 “ ture a palace in the period of the NEVILLES, who so
 “ greatly figured on the political theatre ; and find it
 “ now a ruin, almost without any gradation of change
 “ to its present decay. This chasm, you will say is
 “ some reproach to enquiry ; but if history is sterile or
 “ silent on that head, it will become us better to sub-
 “ stitute ignorance in the room of vague report ; for
 “ even CROMWELL’s reputed attack of it, I have not
 “ yet seen authenticated. If a person of your industry
 “ fails in the attempt, stationed near the Metropolis,
 “ where the records of antiquity may be said to assemble,
 “ and the library of the world is kept, how is a se-
 “ questered rustic, living remote from such assistance,
 “ comparatively without books, and almost rooted as a
 “ tree ? I say, how is such a person to penetrate the ob-
 “ scurity in which this part of history lies involved ?
 “ One opportunity of appeal indeed offers, which
 “ though frequently precarious, I have availed myself
 “ of—I mean the tradition of the place.

“ From thence I gather, that this Lordship being
 “ granted by EDWARD IVth to his brother the Duke
 “ of GLOUCESTER, afterwards RICHARD 3d. (as has
 “ before been mentioned) that Prince took such a liking

“to the place, that he not only raised the Rectory to a
“Deanry, but proposed to establish a College here, and
“as it should seem, actually marked out the ground for
“the site of his intended edifice, as a piece of land lying
“between the church and the river now bears the name
“of Foundation Field. The accomplishment of this
“design was frustrated by his death. From which pe-
“riod to the 6th of JAMES 1st. tradition is as silent
“as history on the subject of this Castle; but it then
“emerges a little from oblivion, and from an appraise-
“ment spoken of in Part I. appears to have then be-
“longed to Sir HENRY LINLEY, Knight, who left
“three daughters, one of whom marrying a Lord Lor-
“TUS, he succeeded to this estate; but under what
“tenure or conditions it remained, or how the grant
“from the Crown was originally circumstanced, does
“not appear. King CHARLES I. sold the Lordship of
“Middleham to the Citizens of London, and the
“Trustees for the City conveyed it to — Wood, Esq;
“grandfather to Thomas Wood, Esq; of Littleton,
“Middlesex, the present Lord of the Manor. The
“deed bears date the 13th of Jan. 1661, but what was
“assigned we are not apprised of. The Castle pays
“no rent; possibly was never granted.

“In what year that edifice ceased to be habitable, is
“not ascertained; but there are many persons now
“living who remember to have conversed with an old

“man who used to carry coals for the service of the
“Castle, and perform other domestic work ; others also
“recollect the sale of the lead, wood, and other materials
“of the buildings. Thus probably did purloining
“avarice destroy a noble monument of art, which
“from the strength of its walls seemed almost invulner-
“able to time, with common care ; and at last the
“demolition seems by its massy fragments to have been
“effected by no less a force than the explosions of gun-
“powder.

“To view the internal part of this Castle as a picture,
“we shall seldom find exhibited in a single piece so
“diversified a ruin. It is here that the mowing arm of
“time in appearance exercises its power in sportive
“mood ; and if we may judge from the lineaments left
“of the multifarious groupe, a doubt might arise upon
“this memorable but now deserted stage of human
“action, whether light or serious description should
“claim its remains. The fantastic forms into which
“these ruins are cast, the mimic echo of its walls and the
“festivity which once tenanted the dome, seemingly
“declare for the first ; but if in these our contemplations
“we have recourse to History, and the desolation before
“us, the point is soon determined. The once haughty
“pile then becomes a striking monument of worldly
“instability ; and its now shattered frame, the tragic
“mourner of its past lofty and deluded owners.

“ Military mansions of celebrated men, in ruin, may
“ be deemed perhaps, more the mirrors of mortality,
“ than those of the monastic class. The latter may
“ command more reverence, but the other will convey,
“ probably, more instruction. The ascent to fame is
“ there shown to be not less arduous, than painful; and
“ when the precipice is gained, the ground on which
“ we stand, is often found too narrow, or the height too
“ dangerous, to explore in safety. The historic page
“ of those we now allude to, the NEVILLES in parti-
“ cular, may tend to confirm these remarks.

“ We there see the gallant, turbulent WARWICK,
“ half frantic with power and popularity, in the full
“ career of fame and success, holding the balance even
“ of Royal contentions. We view him great in alli-
“ ance, formidable in fortune, brave in the field, noble
“ in the Senate, and almost the sole bestower of the
“ British Diadem.

“ One step farther, and we view his two surviving
“ Daughters the meed of Princes, the most consummate
“ beauties and the richest heiresses of their days! a
“ palace also, under whose roof not only a lengthened
“ line of high derived proprietors, but even presumptive
“ Royalty was born, and a captive King had dwelled!
“ But alas! Behold the dismantled state of this his
“ bulwark, once committed by the founder to his heirs
“ for ever! the very fit and perishing materials of

“ which, are almost now become a dubious property.
 “ Let towering ambition humble herself then at this
 “ School ! Let tyranny, rapine, and licentiousness,
 “ stand admonished, however shielded ! but may legal
 “ liberty and the rights of humanity flourish while
 “ time exists !

“ Reluctant and heroic to the last, even in a con-
 “ quered state, these ruins seem to frown resentment at
 “ every injury offered by time, with no ally to stretch
 “ forth the saving hand, but that of the Antiquary,

“ Who props the sinking pile, renews its sway,
 “ Lives o’er the past, and joins the future day ;
 “ Thus from oblivion wrests the hoary name,
 “ And on a nodding ruin builds his fame.

“ P.S. You will remember that this Castle was for-
 “ merly moated round, by the help of springs brought
 “ from the rising ground in conduits ; although on the
 “ North and West sides no traces remain ; but an old
 “ wall subsisted within memory, that had been built as
 “ a safe-guard from the moat on the part next the town.”

Few or no trees remain in Middleham Park, which
 LELAND mentions : He also says, that this was in his
 time the fairest Castle in Richmondshire, except Bolton ;
 but in this remark he could only mean in respect to
 wear and preservation, since in magnitude Middleham
 had eminently the advantage.

JOREVAL, JERVAUX;

OR

GERVIS ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

IN the reign of KING STEPHEN, one AKARIUS, son of BARDOLF, and nephew to BODIN, a man of great property in Yorkshire, gave to PETER DE QUINCIANO, a Monk of Savigny, skilful in physic, and to some other Monks of the same order, certain lands at Fors and Worton; being part of his possessions in Wensley-Dale; where they, anno 1145, began to lay the foundations of a monastery, which was successively called, the Abbey of Fors, Wensley-Dale, and Charity. It was likewise, from the river running near it, sometimes called Joreval. Here PETER, for a while dwelt with two companions only, procuring a scanty subsistence by the labour of their hands.

As these Monks belonged to the Abbey of Savigny, the new monastery, began by them, according to the

notions of those times, owed a sort of spiritual subjection or filial obedience to the Mother Abbey, ALANE, DUKE of RICHMOND, perhaps on this consideration granted to SERLO, Abbot of that Order; though it seems reasonable that if such grant had been necessary, it should have come rather from the founder or his representatives, than the Duke, whose right could be no other than that of Lord of the district.

SERLO unwillingly accepted this donation, for he disapproved of the foundation as made without his knowledge and consent; neither did he choose, though repeatedly solicited thereto by PETER, to supply it with Monks from his convent, on account of the great difficulties experienced by those he had before sent over into England. He therefore in a general chapter proposed that it should be transferred to the Abbey of BELLAND in Yorkshire; which from its vicinity would be better able to lend the necessary assistance required in its yet infant state. This being agreed to, he acquainted PETER therewith by letter; who, on the receipt, submitted himself and his little flock, being only two Monks and one lay-brother, to the delegated authority of the Abbot of BELLAND: twelve Monks, with JOHN DE KINGSTON for their Abbot were forthwith sent them from that house.

Here this community underwent great hardships and misery, not only from the smallness of their endowment

and the sterility of their lands, but also from the unwholesomeness of the air and situation. In this distress they were relieved by the Abbot of BELLAND.

CONAN son to ALANE, DUKE of RICHMOND, pitying their condition, greatly increased their revenues; and likewise, anno 1156, removed their monastery to a pleasant and healthy valley by East Witton. This was done with the consent of HARVEUS the son of AKARIUS, the founder, and that of a chapter of the Cistercian order, both given in writing; wherein HARVEUS reserved his right to the patronage of the Abbey, as well as to the prayers of the Monks, usually offered up for the founder and his relations. He also stipulated that the bones of his father and mother should be removed to an honourable place in the new monastery; which, likewise, obtained the name of Joreval Abbey, equally applicable to its present and former situation.

In this place the Monks erected a magnificent church and monastery; which, like most of those of the Cistercian order, was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. At the dissolution it was valued at four hundred and fifty-five pounds ten shillings and five-pence: *Speed*—two hundred and thirty-four pounds fifteen shillings and five-pence: *Dugdale*.—The site in the thirty-sixth of HENRY VIII. was granted to MATTHEW, EARL of LENOX and LADY MARGARET his wife.

The following remarkable letter, says BURTON, in

his Ecclesiastical History of Yorkshire, shews what immediate care the visitors took to demolish the monasteries at their first coming into their hands. The doctor does not mention to whom it was written, "Pleasythe your
 " lordship to be advertysed, I have taken down all the
 " lead of Jervaux, and made it into pecys of half fod-
 " ders, which lead amounteth to the number of eighteen
 " score and five foddors and a half, that were there be-
 " fore; and the said lead cannot be conveit nor carried
 " until the next somre; for the ways in that countre are
 " so foul and deep, that no caryage can pass in wyntre.
 " And as concerninge the raising, and taking down the
 " house, if it be your lordship's pleasure, I am minded
 " to let it stand to the next spring of the year; by rea-
 " son of the days are now so short, it wolde be double
 " charges to do it now. And as concerninge the felling
 " of the bells I cannot sell them above fifteen shillings
 " the hundred*; wherein I wolde gladly know your
 " lordship's pleasure, whether I sholde sell them after
 " that price, or send them up to London; and if they
 " be sent up surely the caryage will be costly from that

*It is worthy remark, that Bell Metal then estimated at fifteen shillings per hundred weight, would now give three times the sum, exclusive of the comparative value of money owing probably to the miserable state of our roads at that time, so adverse to all kinds of transportation.

The price of Lead and other metals were actuated in the like proportion.

“place to the water. And as for Bridlington, I have
“done nothing there as yet, but spayreth it to March
“next, because the days are now so very short ; and
“from such time as I begin, I trust shortly to dispatch
“it after such fashion, that when all is finished, I trust
“your lordship shall think that I have been no evil
“howsbound in all such things as your lordship hath
“appointed me to do. At York, this 14th day of
“November, 1538, by your lordship’s most bounden
“beadman,

“RICHARD BELLYCYS.”

The remains of the Abbey of Joreval stand three miles East of Middleham, and about two hundred paces to the left of the highway, leading from that place to Masham ; they are not in their present state very visible from the road, the buildings reduced, and also intercepted by trees growing in the fences. The name is evidently of Norman extraction, its import simply that of Euredale Abbey, being situated near the river Eure, antiently termed the Jor or Yourre.

The external wall or boundary, which cannot be less than a mile in circuit, seems to have included pasturage for the accommodation of the Monks ; a part of the North fence continues in its original form, and is now (1772) in tolerable preservation, but the remainder is much dismantled ; however the stones of the fence are

well bedded, and appear to have undergone no little labour from the chissel.

Of all the ruins to be seen in this part of the North, these have suffered the most complete demolition, considering the ample size of the building. The profusion of deep ivy that covers the walls, the bulbous-rooted trees, with their distorted trunks, issuing from the chasms of the pile; the nodding fragments, and the already prostrate heaps of matter every where intermixed with briars, thorns, and the most sorrowful looking weeds, make the whole at once seemingly too melancholy even for the residence of bats and owls: while, on the one hand, you perceive the long depending mass crumbling to decay; on the other, you see the once elevated arch just emerging from the surface and sinking to interment; probably in a little time to be no more seen.

The sepulchral grounds allotted the Abbey, has consisted of two parts, for the inferior and superior order of persons; the first adjoining the Abbey is now a meadow; the other of less dimensions has been a square within the building of about half an acre, and since occupied as an orchard or garden.

Here it was customary to bury in stone coffins, some of which have been through the avarice of farmers digged up and converted into swine-troughs; where,

among the bones and ashes, were found cloth and ribbands retaining their original colours. However, this violation of the only remaining furniture of the dead, hath been put a stop to by the more decent ideas of the gentleman who superintends the estate; and there at present only appears the lid of one stone coffin above ground, now swerving over; and on which are faintly traced the figure of an antique sword, with this inscription in antient characters but without a date: *TUMBA GILBERTI DE WATON.*

Nearest the road within the antient precincts of the Abbey, appears the gate-way and a few deserted walls of a mansion, most probably erected from the ruins of the monastery. The greatest part of the materials of this edifice was sold about thirty years ago, by order of the then noble owner. Partly the same fate attended the Abbey, whose stones have been occasionally employed to erect fences, farm houses, and the attendant conveniences; whilst a part also has been appropriated to the repairs of the road; a person in the neighbourhood remembering to have seen the highway strewed with fragments of inscriptions; a miserable prostitution, the sight of which would be sufficient to draw tears from the eyes of an antiquary.

Thus the traveller laments the mutilated sculptures of Greece and Rome, where the tasteless spoiler applies the venerable materials of the most consummate art to

his own paltry erection ; and that with such unheeding disregard as to invert the very ornament or legend once the glory of its age and country.

The ruins of Jervaux Abbey, together with very large possessions contiguous to the Eure, belong to LORD BRUCE, to whom it descended from the EARL of AYLESBURY, now succeeded to the same title.



COVERHAM ABBEY,
IN
COVERDALE
NEAR
MIDDLEHAM, YORKSHIRE.

THIS house is by DUGDALE stiled a Priory, but TANNER says it was an Abbey. The history of its original foundation and removal hither is thus related in the Monasticon, from a record kept in the tower of St. Mary's at York.

HELWESIA the daughter and heiress of RANULPH DE GLANVILLE, a Baron and Chief Justice of England, in the reigns of HENRY II. and RICHARD I. with the consent of WALLRAN her son and heir then living, founded a Monastery of Canons of the Præmonstratensian Order, at Swayneby. She died the 11th day of March, in the year of Grace 1195, and her bones were

afterwards translated from Swayneby and buried in the Chapter-house at Coverham; but the first foundation at Swayneby was in the year of Grace 1190, as appears by the Bull of the POPE, CLEMENT III. granted to the said WILLIAM.

RADULPHUS the son of ROBERT, LORD of MIDDLEHAM, brother and heir to WALLRAN, having many disputes with the Canons of Swayneby removed them, and founded Coverham near Middleham, and granted them the Church of Coverham, with many lands and tenements, as appears by a fine passed in the Court of KING JOHN in the fourteenth of his reign. He died anno 1251, and was buried at Coverham.

TANNER, in a note, justly observes that this date of the foundation at Swayneby cannot be right, as the confirmations by HENRY II. of several grants made to these Canons are recited in the charter of EDWARD III. and HENRY died anno 1189, he therefore places it indefinitely towards the latter end of the reign of that King.

Of the private history of this House very little is handed down, except that it was destroyed by the Scots, and that in the reign of HENRY VII. there were here twenty Canons.

By diverse benefactions all which are recited and confirmed by the charters of KING EDWARD III. printed in the Monasticon, these Canons had in lands, tene-

ments, tythes, and other emoluments an annual revenue of 207l. 14s. 8d. according to a valuation taken in May, 1535, by commissioners appointed by KING HENRY VIII. nevertheless, as after deducting pensions and other expences the clear income was reduced to 160l. 18s. 3d. it was included amongst the lesser Abbies and surrendered into the King's hands in pursuance of an act of Parliament made in the twenty-seventh of his reign. In the thirty-eight of the same King, such of the possessions as had been occupied by the Monks, amounting to one hundred and ninety acres and a half, were leased to one RALPH CROFT, for 13l. 19s. 10d. in whose possession it was A. D. 1557, the third and fourth of PHILIP and MARY, when a commission was issued to divers commissioners empowering them to sell for ready money certain honours, castles, and manors, formerly in the possession of religious houses: in consequence whereof a survey of this Abbey was taken, and a particular account made out of the several pieces of land, with the annexed memorandum: "The pre-
 "misses are no parcel of the ancient demesnes of the
 "crown, the DUCHIES of LANCASTER and CORN-
 "WALL, and they lie not nigh any of the King's and
 "Queen's Majesties castles, manors, or houses, where-
 "unto their Highnesses, have usual access. Item, The
 "premisses are well wooded, which is to be considered
 "by your honours. What mines of coal or lead are

“ within the premisses is unknown to the auditor, and
“ touching other the commodities thereof, otherwise
“ than is before declared, the record maketh no farther
“ mention, per me, *Antho. Rone, Auditor.*”

Under this survey and certificate the commissioners fold it, the 13th of May, 1557, to HUMPHREY ORME for 419l. 15s. being thirty years purchase, at the rent of 13l. 19s. 10d. In this sale the lead and bells were excepted.

The ruins of this Abbey stand on the North side of the river, or rather the rapid brook of Cover, which gives name to the Dale; a Dale, that whatever claim it may lay in some parts to tolerable cultivation, must be said to suffer in the comparative view of size and beauty from its vicinity to the noble one of Wensley-Dale.

The scanty remnants left of these detached ruins speak sufficiently the dispersion of the materials which have been applied to various uses. Yet however uneligible the site of the old Abbey was, a former possessor of part of its ruins of the name of WRAY, erected a dwelling adjoining the spot, into whose motley walls have been introduced (not to say with what propriety) many of the ornaments, arms, and illegible inscriptions of the ancient building. Dreary and limited almost as the grave, yet this situation thus found a second patron; a situation that may be literally said to weep; where

deadly hemlock and nightshade grow, surrounded by alders, willows and various kinds of vegetation that court the gloom and rejoice in moisture.

The monastic structures in this island have been generally placed near the banks of rivers or on the sea-shore, where fertility, health, and the pleasures of the eye without the walls have been in some degree consulted. What could induce the founder of this Abbey to adopt a situation so miserably forlorn is not easy to guess. Perhaps the fable superstition of thinking, that in proportion as we depreciate human nature, and voluntarily mortify ourselves here, we shall be happy hereafter, might prevail. Such mistaken notions seem to have obtained, in numerous instances, among the severer orders of the Church on the Continent, where one not unfrequently sees houses of the religious on the desert summits of the Pyrenees, the Alps, and Appenines, with other places of equal penance, exercising all those ridiculous acts of extreme austerity which a truly rational piety forbids us either to admire or imitate.

Ill fares it surely with those gloomy souls, that always search for the seeds of sorrow and lamentation, to strew a way with thorns and briers, already enough perplexed, and to which flesh is naturally the heir; nor yet consider this world with all its magnificent furniture, as the world of the Almighty to be enjoyed with innocence, yet with gladness of heart. Nor will the man, I trust,

who looks upon this our universe as one of the temples of Omnipotence, in the open sunshine, be less a genuine votary, than he who seeks obscurity and likes to perceive his existence through the formless medium of clouds and darkness.

On a stone taken from the Abbey, which now forms a part of the late building, are the figures 741; but what this date has originally alluded to is left to conjecture. In building some appendant conveniences were dug up a few years ago two statues larger than life, habited in the armour of Knights Templars, in a cumbent posture, ornamented with foliage and animals; but in a stile almost too rude for the grossest period of the Gothic ages.



THE
MONASTERY
OF
ST. AGATHA,
NEAR

RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE,

THE respectable looking ruins of St. AGATHA are pleasantly situated near the Eastern side of the river Swale, beneath the little village of Eastby, about a mile Eastward from the town of Richmond, mutually commanding the agreeable prospects of each other. Considered as a ruin, and viewed as a picturesque object from the surrounding eminences, the Abbey fills and gratifies the eye. Nor is it less striking in its appearance on a nearer view, from a variety of incidents, as a subject of moral contemplation; for exclusive of the awful aisle, the tessellated pavement, and the hallowed altar, in com-

mon with other buildings of the like kind, being now become the lodgment of cattle or the doleful den of vermin. It is here that the murmur of the Swale, the sympathising elm with its withered branches, frequently the roost of ravens and other reputed birds of omen, with the contiguous church and burying-ground of Eastby, stamp a character on the place, peculiarly suited to inspire the soothing sentiments of elegy.

The courteous reader will therefore be pleased to allow some small indulgence to a sighing bard, if in this place he attempts the slender tribute of an epitaph to the memory of his beloved friend.

Near to this place,
Sequestred from the world by choice,
Though qualified for its most arduous scenes,
Lived the discerning, prudent, sincere,
And conjugal *PORTIUS.
With a mind unfullied by bigotry,
With a heart replete with humanity,
He was firmly attached to the dictates
Of pure religion, whose Revealer
He venerated and adored.
Rigidly just in his intentions, he ever meant,
Or practised truth with undeviating ardor,

*John Close, Esq;

Familiar in the moral and natural systems of the world,
According to generally received opinions,
He was profitably instructive.

His favourite author, for he read liberally, was MILTON,
Whose works he delivered with uncommon
Taste and energy, as if his feelings and the Paradise
He so well understood, were to be the
Harbingers of that happiness,
We fully confide, he now inherits.

He died on the 4th of April, 1772, of an imposthume
In his lungs, aged fifty-one years.

Many internal ornaments of this Abbey, at its dissolution, were carried off to decorate both near and distant Churches, and there now subsists a magnificent and curiously carved pew at Wensley, the spoil of this Abbey, antiently belonging to the LORD SCROOPS, of Bolton, with whom ST. AGATHA seems to have been a favourite shrine, though remote from his castle above twelve miles. On this work are still legible, HENRY LORD SCROOP, carved on the wood in the old church text writing, with inscriptions too much broken to be now explained. About ten miles higher up the Swale, to the West of Richmond, are situated on the opposite side of the river distant about a mile and a half from each other, the Abbies of Merrick and Elleston, being the last expiring monuments of that species of zeal in

the North-West part of this country, but whose fragments are too inconsiderable to merit a description either from the pen or pencil.

The leafless Elm alluded to at St. Agatha, is now (1798) finally perished, so characteristic with the mouldering walls, was this feature of general decay, that the antiquary must lament its absence, as a beauty lost in the groupe.

*We have received a Letter from a TOURIST, which
may supply many articles which do not fall in properly
with Poem. If the account we here insert affords
amusement, it will, we hope, produce no pain.*

THE
TOURIST.

ON my return from a Tour of the Lakes, by Penrith and Kirby Steven, we entered Wensley-Dale, about seven miles from the last mentioned place, by a county bridge, half belonging to Westmoreland, and the other moiety to Yorkshire, thrown over a deep chasm, mostly dry in summer, and is the division in this place of the two districts. Above the bridge the boundaries are

arbitrary and irriguous; each party claiming as possessions in Westmoreland, the other in the county of York, many hundred acres of this disputed ground; a case we believe common in many parts of the two kingdoms, more especially where the land is barren, and no decisive marks are thrown out, by nature or agreement, to ascertain property. In mineral countries such disputes are of consequence, as the subterraneous riches are an object, which require more precision. But in less valuable parts the mode of determining limits, is, if not otherwise marked, by what they term, as *Heaven water deals*. That is, as rain water shapes its course, so as to flow in contrary directions, which in a plain or level surface is sometimes adjusted with difficulty. But the rule of vicinage to give and take in moderation, settles this point.

A small distance below the bridge are the sources or springs of the two rivers *Eure* and *Eden*, bending their courses East and West, and so near, that in a few minutes you may float a bouyant body at the same time, by Carlisle to the Irish Sea, and by Hull into what is usually called, the German Ocean.

In proceeding along the vale we come to the small market town of *Askrig*, where the country becomes amusive and interesting. About three miles to the South, is a Lake of about two miles in circuit, which empties its superfluous water into the *Eure*. Its situa-

tion between hills is very sequestered, on whose banks was born the late eminent Physician Dr. Fothergil, well known in the metropolis where he practised.

Semer water seems to be derived, *quasi, se mare*, an expansion of water, like to the sea itself, or as the French language would say, *se mer*.

It is of an oblong form and its shore reedy and shallow for the space of six or seven acres towards the North West part, but gravelly on every other side: its greatest depth, fifteen yards, and the water clear, which measures a hundred and five acres at low water, when not assisted by floods. It contains trout of a large size, bream, roach, loach, minnows and the best of eels, and has its exit after passing in a contracted stream, into the Eure. The bream never rises to the fly, is best at table when immediately caught, but is a coarse fish, with many bones.

In severe weather the Lake is greatly resorted to by all sorts of aquatic birds, and wild swans.

In the season wild ducks &c. breed among the rushes and reeds, as was tragically experienced in the fate of an officer some years ago, who having shot a wild duck, at some distance from the shore, swam in to fetch his prey, but soon sunk, whilst a brother-officer, saw the catastrophe without being able to afford his companion any relief. The deceased was a son of SIR THOMAS DE VEIL, a Bow-street magistrate and predecessor in

Mr. Blanchard observed me that all the Copies were wanted to present Sir, & when no way sent to the family, and this is the other. S. W. Blanchard.

In consequence of the death of Mr. Mander this work was not provided with a Preface and was not published. W. Blanchard

only two copies were reserved - one for the
family, & the other (orig. This) for the printer,
as he himself solemnly assured me J.W.

